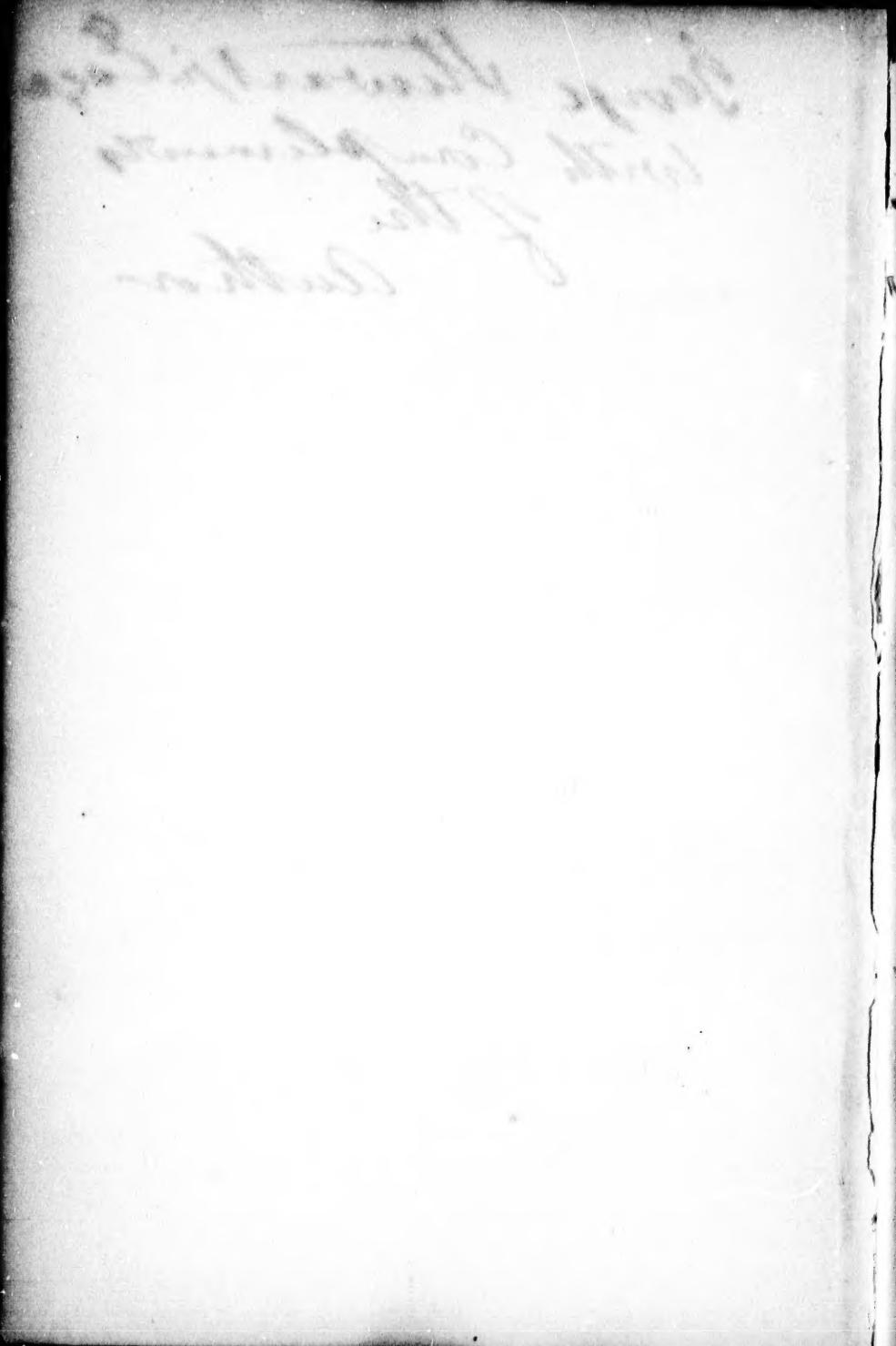
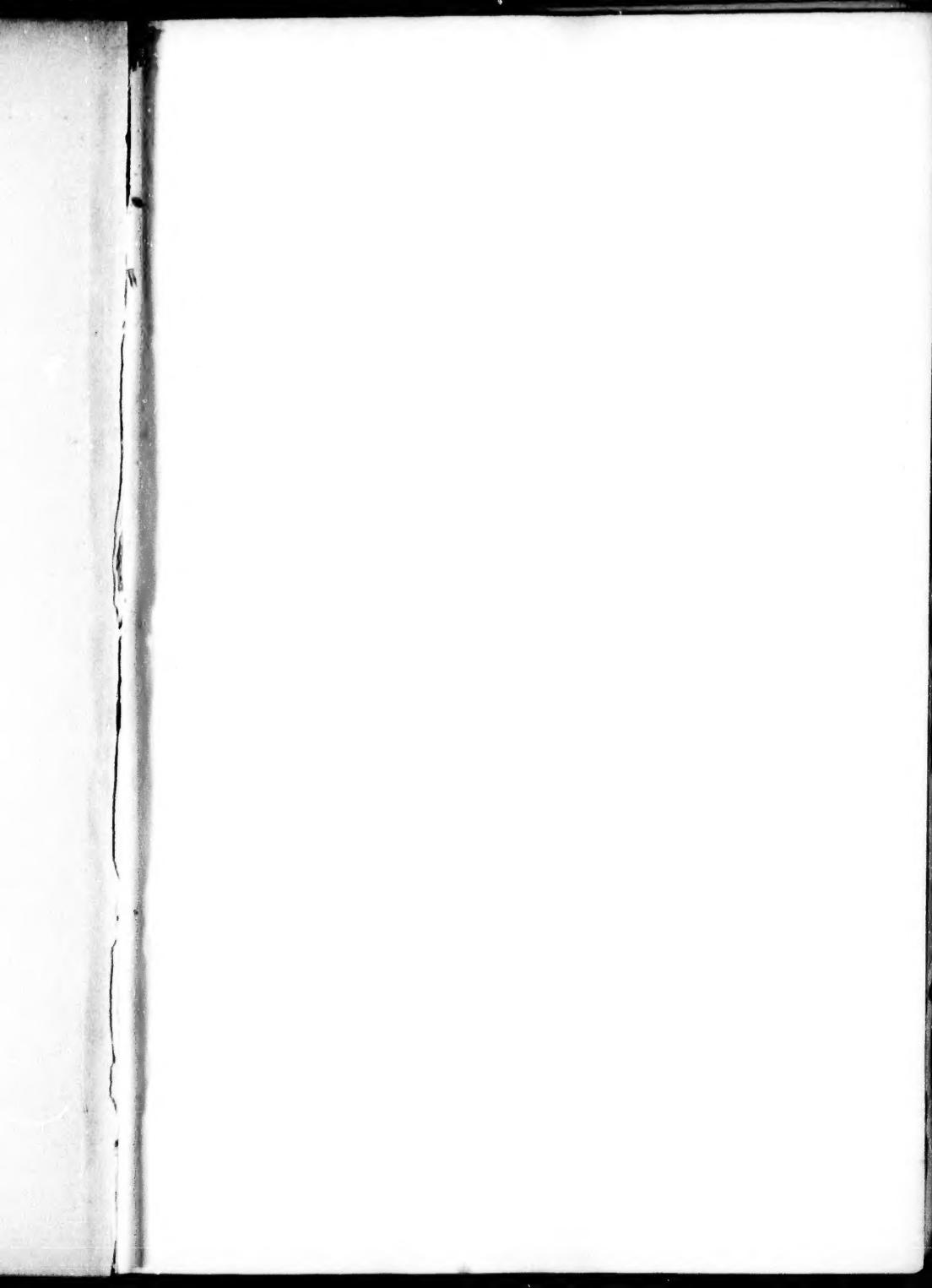


Very
Kindly
Answering
yours

George Stewart Esq
With Complements
of the
Author

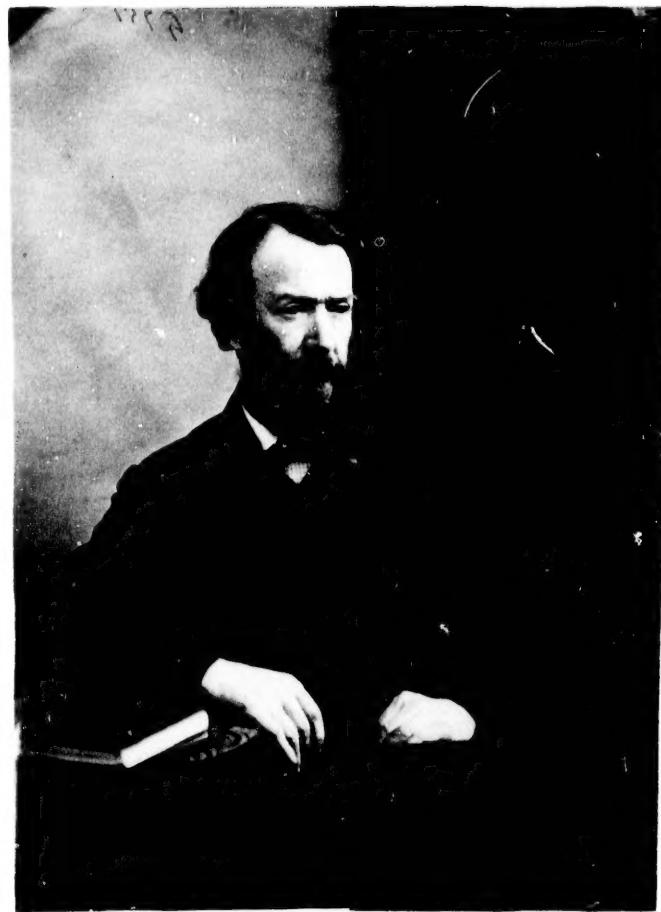
Poems and Songs.





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POEMS AND SONGS,

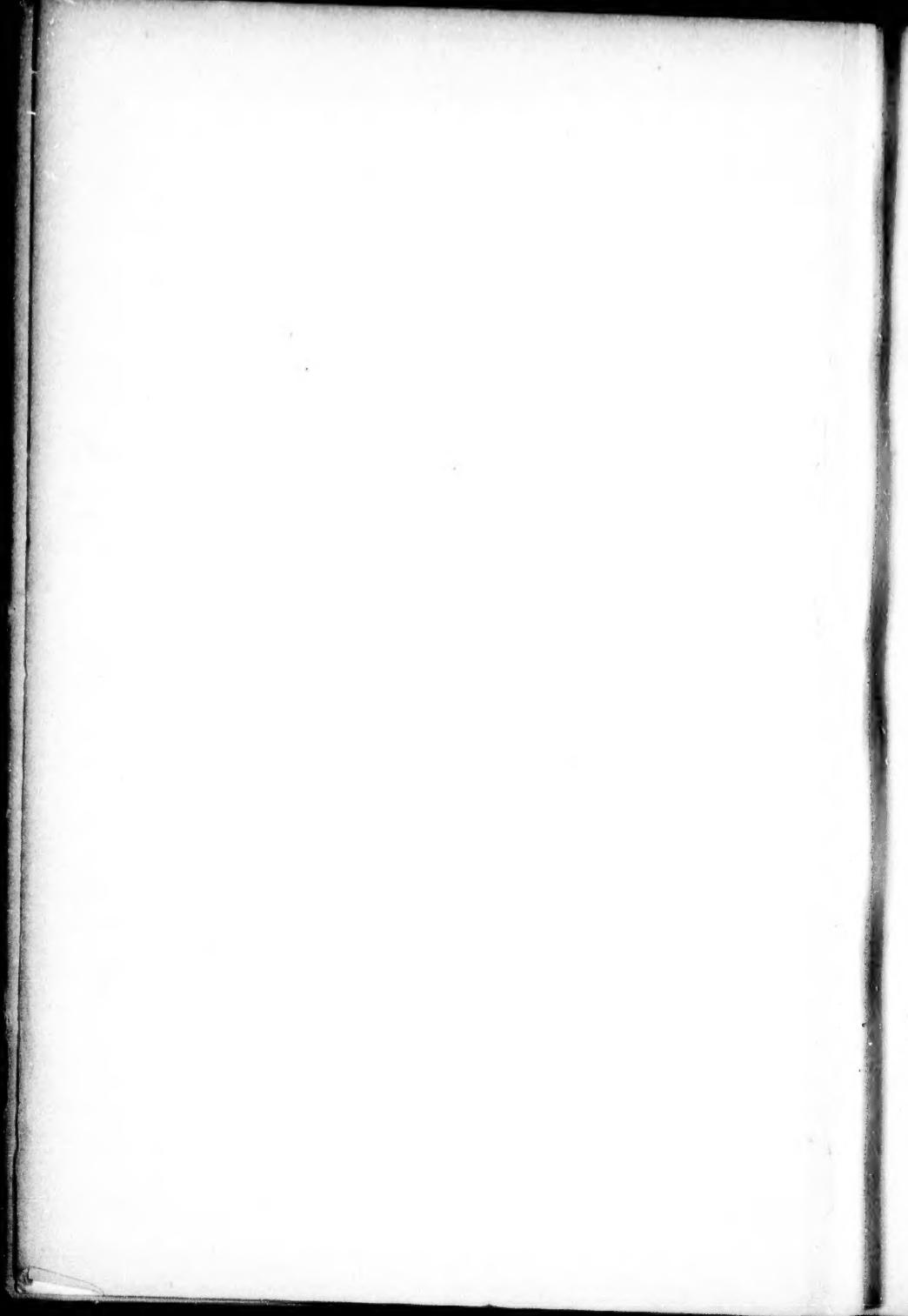
BY

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

"I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her."—BURNS.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
PRINTED BY J. & A. Mc MILLAN.
1872.



TO

HIS VENERABLE AND ESTEEMED COUNTRYMAN,

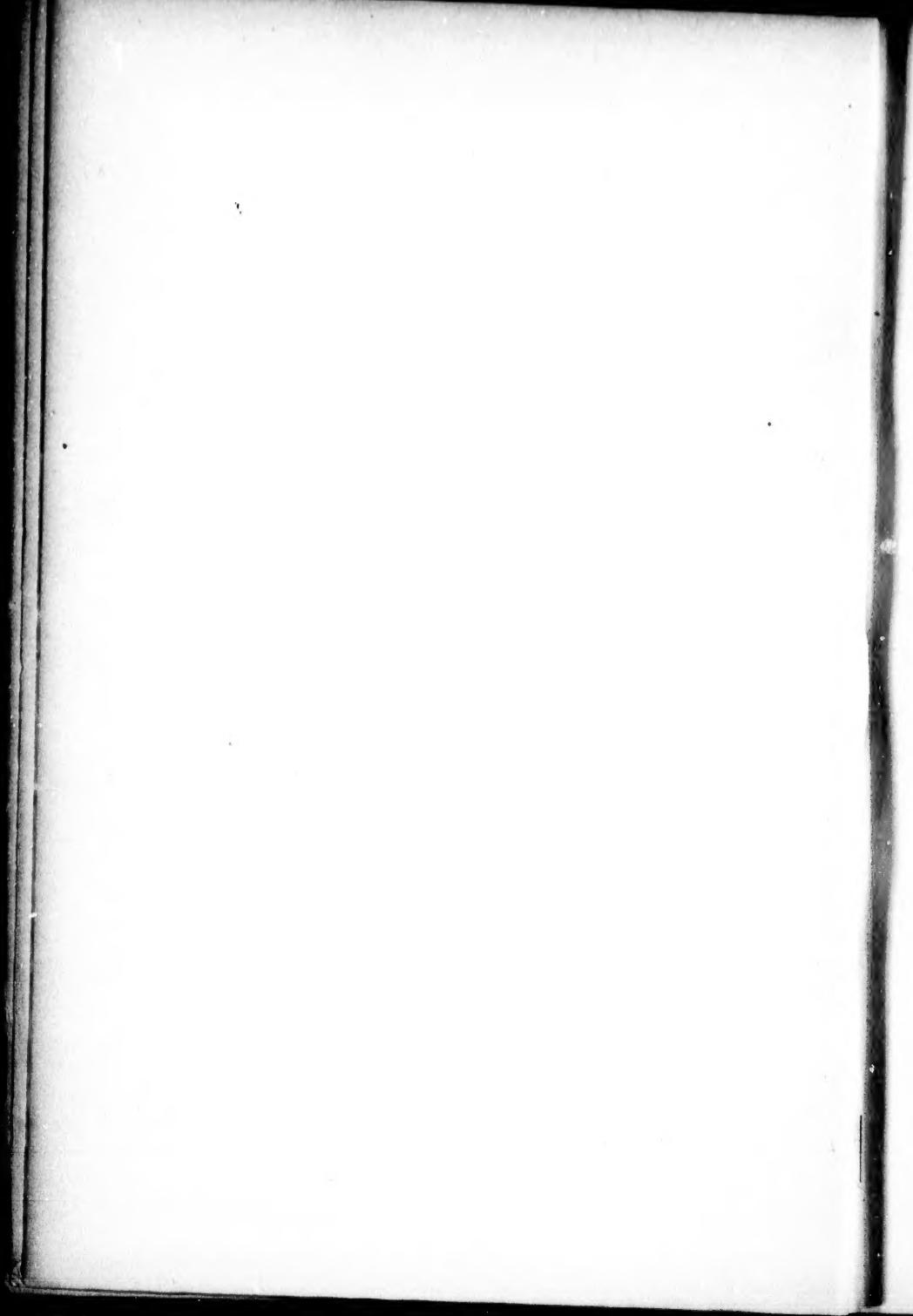
L. DONALDSON, ESQUIRE.

AS A SMALL BUT SINCERE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS MERITS AS A MAN,
AND HIS WORTH AS A CITIZEN,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

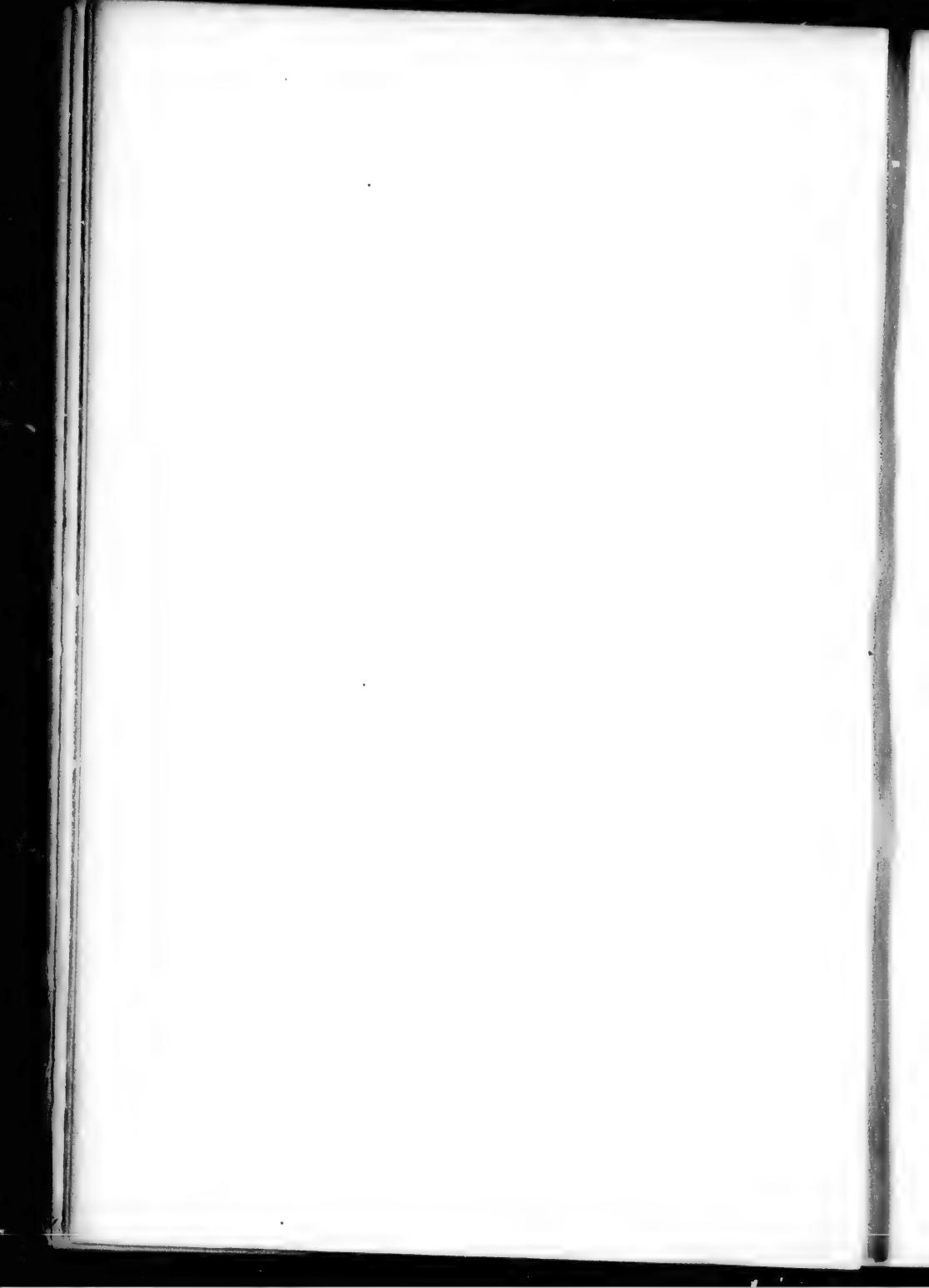


P R E F A C E.

In the year 1860, at the request and for the gratification of the Saint Andrew's Society of this city, I published a small Volume of Poems and Songs. In the year 1872, for the gratification of myself, I publish an enlarged and improved edition, Of its merits, you,

"Gentle reader, and still gentler purchaser," are the judges. In your hands, therefore, I leave them to be dealt with,

W. M.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The City of the Dead,	1
The Twa Steeples,	4
The Cursing Club,	12
Verses suggested by the recollection of a Scottish Spring, The Land where I was Born,	28 32
The Bagpipes,	35
Address to My Auld Blue Bonnet,	40
The Highlander's Wife,	43
Lines suggested by the Fall of Delhi,	45
Scotland and her Kirk,	47
The Old Burial Ground, St. John, N. B.,	50
The Wife o' Greenhead,	54
To the Robin,	56
John Maut,	59
The Poet's Philosophy,	62
Verses suggested by visiting Crookston Castle,	64
Philosophical Reflections,	67
The Twa Owls,	70
A Prayer,	79
Lines written for the Celebration of Burns' Anniversary, 1865, .	81
A Mother's Wail,	85
Verses,	87
Granny Kent, suggested by the Death of the Dutchess of Kent, .	88
John Frost,	91
To my Wife,	94
Verses written for Burns' Anniversary, 1853,	96
Lines written for Burns' Centenary Anniversary,	98
Verses to the Memory of Tannahill,	101
The Exile's Dream,	103
Simon Croly's Elegy,	106
Epitaph,	111
Verses on the approach of Winter,	112
This Warld o' Ours,	114
Stanzas suggested by the Death of President Lincoln,	116
Let Him Come,	117
Archy McKay,	119
Verses to the Robin Redbreast,	121
Jock wi' the Crimson Dickie,	123
Poor, but Independent,	125
Epistle to Mr. Charles Fleming,	126
Epistle to Mr. Donald Ross, of Halifax, N. S.	129

Epistle to R. Keltie, Esq.,	133
Epistle to Mr. Walter Watson,	136
Answer from Mr. Walter Watson,	140
Epistle to Mr. James McLardie,	143
Epistle to Hugh McDonald, Esquire,	147
My Island Home,	161
The Auld Man's Sang,	162
Auld Aunty Nanny,	163
Doctor Magee,	165
There's a Dub before the Door,	166
Honest Worth,	168
Song of the Emigrant,	169
Song of Freedom,	171
Song,	172
O 'tis Blythe in Bonny June,	173
Of a' the Lads e'er Scotland saw,	175
John, come Kiss me noo,	177
The Digging o't,	178
Lovely Isabella,	179
Mary Perry,	181
Paddy and the Priest,	182
Kirsty Lass,	185
Tibbie,	186
To Arms, O my Country, to Arms,	188
Isabella,	190
Dear Kate,	191
Bannocks o' Barley,	192
Peggy,	193
Burns's Anniversary, 1864,	194
Jeems McFarlane,	196
Song,	198
St. Andrew's Day,	199
Betsy Miller,	201
Song,	203
The Lassie I Ken,	204
Kennedy,	205
Watty McFee,	206
Song,	209
A Teetotaller's Sang,	210
Song,	211
Song written for Burns' Anniversary, 1867,	212
The Prince's Welcome,	214
The Prince has Come,	215
Hue and Cry for Sandie McLachlan, the Canadian Poet,	217
Song for Burns' Anniversary, 1866,	219
A New Sang,	221
List of Subscribers,	225

133
136
140
143
147
161
162
163
165
166
168
169
171
172
173
175
177
178
179
181
182
185
186
188
190
191
192
193
194
196
198
199
201
203
204
205
206
209
210
211
212
214
215
217
219
221
225



POEMS AND SONGS.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD;

OR, MUSINGS IN THE RURAL CEMETERY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Alone, like exile far remote
From country, friends and home,
I seek thy mazy Cedar walks,
In musing mood to roam ;
Or awe-struck, gaze with silent grief
Upon each narrow bed,
Which holds for thee, my kindred's dust—
Lone City of the Dead.

I see within thy solemn gloom
The ghosts of other years ;
Their love notes come on every wind—
Their hopes, their joys, their tears ;
But soon, too soon, the transient dream
Which rapt my soul is sped,
And left alone thy spectral spires—
Dark City of the Dead.

Great monitor of youth and age,
I see thy pillars rise,
Like hope within the Christian's soul,
Which points from earth to skies :
I hear thy vigil Angels sing
Their requiems round each head
That sleeps in thy sepulchral halls—
Stern City of the Dead.

Within thy dank and cold embrace
An infant daughter's clay,
Co-mingles with ancestor's dust,
Whose locks were thin and gray ;
Now lonely o'er their silent graves
My burning tears I shed,
In tribute to thy sacred trust—
Lov'd City of the Dead.

Along thy wild romantic ridge,
In nooks dark, drear and lone,
I read the tales of other years
On tablet and on stone.
Here from his toil the soldier rests,
Who for his country bled,
Now prison'd in thy charnel mould—
Grim City of the Dead.

Beneath this lowly, humble board,
Reclines the stalwart form
Of him who braved the billows rage,
And dared the demon storm ;

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

3

No tender mother seal'd his eyes,
Or watch'd his dying bed ;
No sister mourns him in thy shades—
Drear City of the Dead.

Upon this stone I gaze, I weep,
The magic of that name—
“MY MOTHER”—clothes my soul with fire,
And burns through all my frame.
O ! could I clasp that blessed form.
Recall the years now fled,
I'd gladly yield me to thy bonds—
Dread C'ity of the Dead.

Now to yon rude, neglected spot.
My weary steps I wend.
Where sleeps, afar from kith and kin,
My countryman, my friend ;*
No graven marble tells his tale
Or marks his lowly bed,
But there love mourns departed worth—
Great City of the Dead.

Adieu, ye sullen shaded nooks,
Adieu, thou genial gloom ;
Adieu, my long lost kindred's dust,
My friend's untended tomb ;
Adieu, dark C'ity, stern and drear—
When time and death have sped,
Then will thy day of reck'ning come—
Proud City of the Dead.

* The late lamented M. A. CUMMINGS, V. S.

THE TWA STEEPLES.

"Gif this be true, how need ye speer?"

The day some hours had sunk to rest,
Bhint yon clouds far in the west ;
The stars were twinklin' bricht and clear,
The moon held on its fleet career ;
And a' whar daisies used to blaw
Nought noo was seen but sheets o' snaw.
The lochs by Iee were firmly barr'd,
On whilk the curlers daily warr'd ;
And save when Boreas heav'd a sigh
Nae soun' was heard beneath the sky.
Sic was the nicht at witching hour,
When forth I strayed to tak' a tour,
Thro' guid auld Paisley—wale o' touns,
For canty, ranty, ram-stam loons—
To view the stars, and streek my shanks
And aiblins note the midnight pranks
O bicker lads, wha bauldly dar'd
Offend the black nocturnal guard.
Vile crew ! whase knavish arts and tricks,
Whase clappers loud, and stumpie sticks.
Aft launches in a dreadfu' stew
The luckless wicht that stoitering fu',
Thro' street and lane, thro' hole and bore,
I reach'd at length Sanet Mirren's score,
Whar, wandering lanely, plain I heard.
What nane could hear except a bard,

Our ain twa steeples yoke the flyting,
In language shamefu', tart, and biting.
Withouten preface, plump aff han'
The Hee Kirk Steeple thus began.

HEE KIRK STEEPLE.

My dwarfish frien' ! I often think,
While deav'd by thy unlo'esome clink,
That men think little o' themsel'
Wha'd hearken to thy foulsome bell ;
And no in rage unite their force,
To lay thee prostrate at the corse.
Mysel', I'll frankly lend this tongue—
Whilk in my belfry lang has swung—
To aid in battering down thy wa's
Till wreck'd for aught save haunts for Daws,
Thy bell ! awa wi' a' sic metal,
Commend me first to some auld kettle,
Some parritch pat, or auld tin can
That's serv'd the usefu' turns o' man ;
And then we'll hear—compar'd wi' thee—
A peerless heavenly melody.

Forby thy bell and grewsome look,
To modern taste a fell rebuke—
It is a crying shame and sin
To see thee cocket on an inn,
Whar lawyers, doctors, and sic cattle
Meet nichtly, at their wine to swattle,
To loll on sofas, smoke, and snore,
Or row insensate on the floor ;

While twa braw kirks, wi' pastors rare,
 Sae deep they're vers'd in gospel lair,
 Propt by the state, for God's ain people.
 Maun stan', waes me ! without a steeple.

CROSS STEEPLE.

My word, ye're crouse ! vile, filthy gett,
 Wanwordy pauper o' the state,
 Ye deem't an unco pride, ye stirk,
 To tower aboon a parish kirk,
 And hope unmarr'd conceited hash,
 On me to vent thy spitefu' clash.
 But hear me, keuf ! altho' I'm wee,
 I hae a saul as weel as thee,
 And ne'er will bide thy spitefu' joke,
 While on my croon I hae a cock.

Unlike thy pamper'd men in black
 Wha wear religion's mask, alake !
 To hide their wicked pranks and plays
 Frae e'en, half open, noo-a-days ;
 My lawyers, and my doctors, baith,
 Are men o' sense and spirit, faith ;
 Nae saintly airs, nae sour grimaces
 Adorn their face in public places,
 But blythe and open, frank and free,
 They tak' their tift o' barley-bree ;
 Nor care tho' a' the warld saw them,
 Tho' priests should ban, or deevils claw them.
 Your parish kirk and state-paid priest
 Are nought but mockery, say the least.

And, ever since they first began,
Hae prov'd the curse and scourge o' man ;
They form his creed—his purse they drain ;
They bind him wi' the tyrant's chain ;
And crush him neath oppression's load :
Sic mockery o' a loving God !
The loaves and fishes is the goal
To which they ever onward roll.
But soon, I hope, the day will daw
When state-paid clergy, kirks an' a'
Will, in ae muckle bowlman's creel,
Be packet headlaug to the de'il.

THE KIRK STEEPLE.

Ye ill-tongued, infidelie loon,
Disgracee o' this ance pious town,
How daur ye crook thy ugsome mou'
To blame our clergy as ye do ;
Come, ever honor'd shade o' Knox,
Great Father o' the faithfu' folks ;
Come, Calvin, frae thy home on high,
And for this sinner heave a sigh ;
Come martyr'd hosts, wha were na laith
To suffer for our holy faith ;
Come arm'd wi' might to aid a servant,
Whase aye been zealous, true and fervent,
Against this foul blaspheming steeple,
The curse, the ruin, o' your people.

Ye vile, cantankerous, heartless thief,
O' a' that's base and graceless chief,
How daur ye wish sic pious men

Sent heels o'er head to Clootie's den ;
But you and yours—and that, ere lang—
Will feel the force o' Hornie's stang ;
Ye'll gnash your teeth and weep and wail
Whar pray'rs and tears will nought avail.

CROSS STEEPLE.

Whisht, zealous idiot, sic conjectures
Are fit for nought but state-paid lectures,
By chiels in black, whase interests need
Men's mute submission to their creed,
And preach that man should live and dee
Leal subject to the powers that be.
But let these powers their interest touch,
Concerning stipend, manse, or such ;
E'en stent them for their legal share
O' taxes to support the puir,
They'll storm and flyte, na, sometimes swear
Oaths wad gar steeples shake wi' fear.
Mysel', I've heard them in this inn,
When yeskin fu' o' Holland's gin,
Avow, before they'd volunteer
Ae single saxpence in the year,
To feed, or cleed, a crew sae wicket,
They'd see them, man and woman, kicket.
But mark them, deck'd in holy robe,
When lect'ring on some point in Job,
With outstretch'd arm, and lengthen'd face,
Their hale demeanor fu' o' grace ;
Ye'd deem them beings o' that sphere,
Whase name gars Satan quake wi' fear.

Again, my stalwart, roaring frien',
Don't lose thy seanty senses clean,
By calling on sic worthy folks
As Calvin and the rev'rend Knox,
Together wi' sic mighty hosts
O' martyrs, frae the land o' ghosts.
They'd hae but little mense, I trou,
Wad come sae far at beck o' you,
To aid in crushing an auld steeple,
The pride o' Paisley and its people.
For ages, here, I've brav'd the storms
O' time, in a' their shapes and forms,
And ne'er before had sic a stour,
Wi' aught in nature till this hour.

HEE KIRK STEEPLE.

Vile reprobate as e'er was rung,
O! were my base as free's my tongue,
I'd gi'e you ither things for jeests
Than parish kirks and parish priests,
Ae cleur wad cowp thee, like a totum,
Or rend thy side-walls to the bottom.
Sic vile abuse o' a' that's guid
Was ne'er before heard sinez the flood ;
But by my battlements, I swear,
I'll hear sic blasphemy nae mair.
I'll hae our much respeckit sherra,
Our patron, and guid Provost Murray
Inform'd o' this, and, by my sooth,
They'll quickly gag thy ill-faur'd mouth.

CROSS STEEPLE.

They'll hae me gagg'd ! ye senseless donkey,
Ye lang, toom, brainless state-kirk flunkie ;
Thy patron, provost and thysel'.
May, in ae company, whirl to h—,
And there midst kindred demons mingle
To toast their cloots at Satan's ingle,
For aught I care ; but for the sherra.
I'll lo'e him while I stand on Terra ;
He is a man o' worth and merit.
Twa things few patrons e'er inherit.
Gagg'd ! by my orlage, but ye're erouse,
Thysel' began this foul abuse.
And syne when worsted in debate
On pamper'd priests upheld by state.
Ye vow, if ye had but the power,
To strew my ashes ere an hour.
But dinna be sic wondrous vain
Goliah was by David slain ;
So says the book, and wha can doubt it,
For a' the talk that's been about it ?
Sae aiblins, if ye should attaek.
Ye'll find my dwarfship no that slack
In taking to a sim'lar course,
Repelling quickly force by force.

Noo, far-ye-weel—come when ye like—
Ye'll find me ready for the fyke,
Right is the sword, and truth the shield,
By which I'll win, or lose the field ;
And should I fa', my constant chime,
When tottering on the verge o' time,

Shall be, till bell and belfry sever,
Freedom, and freedom's sons forever.

This last broadside, sae unexpecket,
Sae pointed, and sae weel direcket.
Gar'd "ROARING TAM,"* wi pious clink,
Propose to let the matter sink,
And from their minds this squabble score.
Then live in friendship, as of yore.

They ended, and wi' joint consent,
Their friendship firmer to indent,
Ilk bell at ance let loose its tongue,
And lang in mutual concert rung.

By this time, Boreas frae his den
Cam wi' sic rage o'er hill and glen,
That I, wi' hasty, lengthened stride,
Made for our cozy ingle side,
And langing for the sweets o' summer,
Crept 'neath the blankets wi' my kimmer.

A' ye guid folks wha seldom fail
To scauld your tongue in ither's kail
This maxim on your minds keep written,
Ne'er try to bite, lest ye be bitten.

* A local name for the High Church Bell of Paisley.



THE CURSING CLUB;
OR,
CLUB OF LITERARY ASSES.

"Ye never saw sae queer a group
Of asses, apeing men."

A' ye whase huge unshapely noses
Brier like are gem'd wi' crimson roses ;
A' ye wha daily quench your drouth
Wi' stuff that warms and bites the mouth ;
A' ye wha ruin soul and body
By gawping whiskey, yell, or toddy ;
Ye wha the Bar-room counter nurses
And beg for drink wi' plackless purses,
While famish'd wives, and helpless bairns,
In vain for meat and claiting yearns,
While graceless *you*, contented *sup*
Their heart's bluid, frae your hellish cup.
Give ear my birkies, while I tell
O' sie like blackguards as *yoursel'* ;
Vile, tearing, swearing, drunken deils,
Whase doings shame a' honest chiels,
And gar men blush to own your shape
Except when dangling at a rape.
Now gi'e your bluid-shot e'en a rub
And hear o' Paisley's "cursing club;"
Or, as 'twas named by learned classes,
"The club of literary asses."

Critics forbear, your spleen I scorn
 Tho' P——I should your ranks adorn,
 So do not waste your precious time
 In vain attempts to stay my rhyme ;
 Don't drain your fertile, fruitful brains,
 To earn contempt for a' your pains,
 Your praise I scorn, your wrath defy,
 Your wit shall pass unheeded by,
 Beneath your frown I winna quail,
 Tho' a' your host at anee assail ;
 Ye'll find, my cocks, I'm better stuff,
 So anee for a', " lay on MacDuff."

Come on my muse ; depict a corps
 Wha nichtly met to rift and roar,
 In JAMIE BLUFF's maist spacious ha'
 Wi' joy to fleg dull care awa,
 Drink twa three cups o' reaming nappy
 And swear, to keep ilk ither happy ;
 Quarrel, joke and sing, till roof and rafter
 Shook wi' their noisy bursts o' laughter.
 A Dam-broad and the Deevil's beuk
 Lay on a table in the neuk,
 For those wha wish'd to try their skill
 At playing for a pint or gill ;
 A vessel usefu' whiles at e'en
 Stood in a neuk behint a screen,
 In readiness to serve wi' speed
 Their ilka turn in time o' need,
 When nature at their wicket tappet
 And claim'd to be frae bondage drappet.

Ae meeting nicht in bleak December
Up rose a worthy pigmie member,
Wha *hem'd*, and *hawed* in learned style.
Then rais'd his napkin wi' a smile,
Bowed, cough'd, and neatly wip'd his nose.
Then bawl'd out "Chairman ! I propose,
If our kind Patron would but grant
His house, we 'll meet and hae a rant
On New-Year-day, syne toast his name
As worthy o' immortal fame."

"Done," roar'd the Patron, Jamie Bluff.
"Wee Hughie's made o' sterling stuff,
And lest we should rin short o' drink
I'll pawn this bible aff the bink,
And buy twa jars o' Stewart's nappy
O'er whilk we 'll pass the day fu' happy."

This said, the Patron made a pause,
Then issued forth the Club's huzzas,
Wi' three times three, the soun they sent:
A thundering up the Patron's vent.
The very pigs at the lum-head
Beat time to ilka cheer they gied,
Till hurl! down o'er the slates they run
And dash to pieces on the grun.

Time wing'd it's silent, fleet career
Till eight bleak days brought the new-year.
That day when Bacchanalian feasts
Sink Nature's lords to rank o' beasts,
Poor worthless creatures o' a day,
Proud reptiles, offspring o' the clay,
Whase only differencee frae the snail,
They walk erect, and lack the tail.

Great was the steer in Jamie's house
To get things ready for the boozie;
A rousing fire bleez'd in the grate,
And at it's lug the kettle sat,
Weel fill'd wi' water pipin' het
To mak' the toddy when they met.
The shelf bore three bowls in a raw
Wi' sugar white as ony snaw;
Twa corked jars stood in a neuk,
At whilk the Patron aft did leuk.
His tongue was rattling in his mouth
Sae raging was his burning drouth,
Time after time, he bless'd thelicker,
But curs'd the corks that kept it sicker.

Belyve the appointed hour drew near
When thir blythe mortals should appear,
And scarceely had the clock struck *ten*
Till in step'd twa o' Jamie's men.
First cam' the PIPER o' the crew,
Wi' twa black e'en, and roaring fu';
WILL TASSIE next, the Sneddon goat,
Wi' creeshie beard and burning throat;
Five minutes mair and a' the rabble
Were seated roun' the festive table.

A limpin footed Cobbler body
Sat in a neuk to mak the toddy;
Perch'd on a chair close by his side
Wi' mouth and e'en extended wide,
Adorn'd wi' a' his nat'r'l graces
The Patron sat in form o' preses,
Wi' wonted vigour up he sprang

And pour'd forth this sublime harangue :

“ Here are we met ilk social brither
 “ On friendly terms wi’ ane anither,
 “ To pass this day baith blythe and frisky,
 “ And toom a cup o’ Scotia’s whiskey.
 “ Let unity amang us reign
 “ And friendship cheer the jovial scene,
 “ And don’t let ony weanly fracas
 “ Disgrace the name o’ jolly Bacchus,
 “ Indulgence I’ll grant, but still
 “ Demand obedience to my will;
 “ Let him who dares, refuse, by G—d!
 “ I’ll rule him with this Iron rod.”

He wav’d a poker in the air
 And backward sunk upon his chair,
 Then rais’d his glass, propos’d a cheer,
 And “ wish’d them a’ a guid new-year.”
 Wi’ heart-felt joy ilk member bounded,
 And lang the roaring cheers resounded,
 They seiz’d their glasses firm and sieker,
 An’ smiling drain’d the hallow’d bicker.

Noo quick as thought up frae his seat
 The eripple Cobbler jumpet;
 And wi’ an awkward hilching gaet
 O’er to the fire he stumpet;
 Whar screwing up his mouth and chin,
 The table twicee he biltet;
 Then wi’ a voice as loud’s the Linn,
 This blythsome sang he liltet,
 Wi’ glee that nicht.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

New-r-day comes but ance a year,
 Push about the cappie O;
 Hail it wi' a deaf'ning cheer,
 Toast it o'er the nappy O.
 Ca' the joke and sang about,
 Tune the fiddle and the flute,
 While we're here, we'll tak our tout,
 Blythe, blythe, and happy O.

Winter noo may rage and storm,
 Fill again the cappie O,
 We carena-by his rudest form,
 Push about the nappy O.
 Blaw ye wins your wildest gust,
 Level forests in the dust,
 Tho' your bags wi' vengeanee brust,
 We'll be blythe and happy O.

Johnnie Frost and a' his train,
 Fill again the cappie O,
 Waste their spitefu' wrath in vain,
 Push about the nappy O.
 Snaw, nor hail, nor blashy sleet,
 Ne'er can mar sic transports meet,
 Till the end our gabs we'll weet,
 Ever blythe and happy O.

Wealth and wit, to ilk ane here,
 Toom again the cappie O,
 Throughout the present new-born year,
 Push about the nappy O.

Lift your legs, and hotch and fling,
 Care and a' his fellows ding,
 Mirth and glee are on the wing,
 Blythe, blythe, and happy O.

Heartless sauls may blame the cap,-
 Push about the nappy O,
 Send to nick ilk social chap,
 Wha wad pree the cappie O.
 Let the guid-for-naething pack,
 Waste their win in useless clack,
 While we 're here we 'll tak our swack,
 Blythe, blythe, and happy O..

Scarce ceas'd the echo o' this sang
 Till up gat PIPER wi' a bang,
 He hoastet thrice to clear his wizzen,
 A bicker drained lest he should gizzen,
 Then gravely streatching out his han'
 He with a hiccup thus began :

“ Adorers o' a jug o' toddy,
 “ Give ear to a poor worthless body,
 “ Wha loves when nichts dark clouds come down
 “ To wander a' gaets thro' the town,
 “ Wi' plackless pouch and drouthy thrapple,
 “ Aye ready at a glass to grapple,
 “ When fortune leads me to a chiel
 “ Whase heart thro' drink has turn'd to steel,
 “ Nor minds the wants o' weans and wife,
 “ But sooms in whiskey thro' his life,

"Noo friends prepare, a name we 'll toast
 "O' whilk auld Baechus weel nicht boast
 "To future ages be it given,
 "Its fame ride on the winds o' heaven,
 "Till ilka beer-shop on this earth
 "Shall bless the town that gave it birth,
 "Till earth, air, sky, and time shall be
 "Lost in the future's mystic sea,
 "Noo, noo my brithers be in trim,
 "And fill your glasses to the brim ;
 "I hope you'll hail it with a ruff,
 "My toast is, OUR KIND PATRON BLUFF."

The thud'rin cheers made siccan din
 As reach'd the curlers on the Linn :
 Wha stood astonish'd roun the Tee
 Resolving what the soun might be.
 Weel pleas'd at doing sic a feat,
 The Piper stagger'd to his seat.

The Sneddon goat next clear'd his throat,
 And bawl'd out for a bumper ;
 A Sang he'd sing, wad fairly ding
 The ane sung by the Stumper.
 Neek like a swan, he then began,
 Wi' voice like angry Boreas ;
 A' rule o' tune he was aboon,
 While routing out this chorus.

TUNE—"Cockie-bendie."

When winter haps the hills wi' snaw,
 And lochs wi' icer are glancing ;

And Boreas on his cranreuch steed,
Is thro' our kintra prancing;
What lifts our chittering hearts aboon
The rules o' dull decorum;
Or gars us join in social eroon
Like "push about the jorum."

When roun the board we 're blythly set,
Wi' cheese and bannocks dainty;
And floods o' toddy pipin het,
To stuff us a' wi' plenty;
Auld care ne'er recks us then ava,
The vile loon, we abhore-um;
While blythly liltin "Davie Fa,"
We "push about the jorum."

When friens that lang hae sever'd been
Re-meet at fairs or races,
Kind friendship sparkling in their e'en,
Smiles playing on their faces;
Nought warms their hearts, or wakes their joys.
When form'd in social quorum;
Like "drink it out my merry boys,
And push about the jorum"

When bleak December's lamp gangs out,
And New-year's-day advances,
And lads and lasses whisk about,
At jigs and kintra dances.
When in the neuk the fiddler chiels
Are sereeding "Tullochgorum,"
Nought lends sic mettle to their heels,
As "push about the jorum."

Let Bachelors woo their solitude ;
Kings revel in their riches ;
Let Sportsmen roam thro' moor and woods ;
Priests ban baith deils and witches ;
Let Sages, in their pride, display
The wisdom o' a forum ;
But nought inspires the Poet's lay
Like "push about the jorum."

Next mim-mou'd Geordie rose bedeen,
And clamb a creepie to be seen ;
Then wi' a consequential air,
He thus addressed them thro' the chair.

" Ye rantin' chiels wha nichtly meet
" Wi' usquabae your gabs to weet,
" Give ear to ane o' your adorers
" Wha 's aft been tortured by the horrors.
" Tho' me ye've nicknamed mim-mou'd Geordie,
" I 'm wrang eognomen'd, tak my wordy,
" For when I like to cock my crest
" I 'll drink and swear, aye wi' the best.
" Noo fifty years their course hae whirl'd,
" Since I was usher'd to the world,
" And still I live a bachelor's life,
" Unken'd by woman,—maid or wife,—
" No that I e'er despis'd their gender,
" To them my heart and saul I tender ;
" But fate ordain'd, and I maun bide it,
" Nae help for George whate'er betide it,
" That frae the cradle to the grave,
" I 'm doom'd a hopeless, cheerless slave,

"The scoff of men, contempt aye held in,
 "And a' cause I was born a geldin :
 "One friend I had, but laek-a-day !
 "Thro' death to life she's pass'd away ;
 "But while I hae a saul, if such
 "Be granted to a sexless wretch,
 "Her name I'll cherish till my breath
 "Is stoppet by the hand o' death,
 "Till sun, moon, stars, and heaven's frame
 "Have pass'd to naething, whence they came
 "But, sirs, my head is rinnin roun.
 "My speech is done, I'll noo sit doun ;
 "Your glasses fill, a toast I claim,
 "My peerless *Grannie's honour'd name.*""

Ilk chiel responded to the totum,
 And quickly kiss'd his glass's bottom.
 When a' to Geordie's toast had drunk,
 And ance mair to their seats had sunk,
 Forth from a corner cam' to view
 The dwarfish form o' cursing Hugh,
 Wha sez'd a chair to keep frae stutin'.
 Then, haffins singing, haffins gruntin',
 This sang he lilted, apropos
 To George, the gelding's speech of woe.

TUNE—"Sie a bo 's my Granny was."

O sie a bo, O sie a bo,
 O sie a bo 's my Granny was,
 I'll let you know before I go,
 O what a bo my Granny was.

When first my buxom Granny wed,
I've heard auld earlies tell my jo.
'Boon ilka wife the kintra roun,
She matchless bore the bell, my jo.

Her stately form sae trim and neat,
Her face, O how it charm'd my jo.
Her raven hair, and fairy gait,
Ik manly bosom warm'd, my jo.

Her braw lace much wi' ribbons fine,
Her silken gown sae dandy O,
At kirk or fair aye bore the shine,
When arm in arm wi' Sandie O.

When Autumn's e'en brocht foe and frien,
To join the rantin' kirn, my jo,
Wi' Granny nane could trip the green,
Or wallop roun the barn, my jo.

When Januar's wins brocht New-year's day,
And folk a' care did bang, my jo,
Nought bore their hearts aboon the brae.
Like Granny's canty sang, my jo.

E'en noo, though four-score winter wins
Hae clad her pow wi' snaw, my jo.
She laughs and sings, while thrang she spins,
As blythe 's at twenty-twa, my jo.
O sie a bo, &c.

Soon as Hughie's sang was ended,
Loud the house wi' laughter rang;

"Fill, good mortals, fill a bumper,
 Toast the singer and his sang."
 O'er and o'er again they pledg'd him,
 Ilka time their glasses drain'd ;
 Drouth and drink, of sense unfledg'd them,
 Barleycorn triumphant reign'd.

The Patron next, wi' thund'rin thud,
 The table struck, and roar'd like wud,
 For order and for drink ;
 And syne this rantin, jolly soul,
 Rais'd to his mouth a toddy bowl,
 And drain'd it in a blink ;
 Then back reclining on his chair,
 His vocal harp he strung,
 And with a Templetonian air,
 In yeskin glee he sung.

TUNE—"Todlin butt, and todlin ben."

Quick send roun the bumper and lilt up a sang,
 Gar the nicht seem but short, be it ever sac lang ;
 When the dead hour o' midnicht the howlets proclaim
 It's then time enough to gang staggerin' hame.
 Staggerin' hame, staggerin' hame,
 Baith yeskin and winkin' when staggerin' hame.

Is there in this company a miserly sot,
 Wha wad grudge wi' a cronie to share his last groat ?
 Let him rise and tak guidnicht, sic coofs I disdain,
 And I laugh aye to see them gaun staggerin' alone.

Here 's a health to the chiel wha can tout aff his horn,
 Makin' happy the nicht, and ne'er thinks o' the morn ;

Sic chiels I'll revere while life's streams warm my frame,
And I'll lend them my oxter when staggerin' hame

Guid drink is the saul o' baith sinner and sanct,
It's the life o' a meeting where wisdom is scant;
Sae roun wi' the bicker, 't will kindle wit's flame,
And we'll soon be in trim to gang staggerin' hame.

Staggerin' hame, &c.

The Patron's very roof and wa's
Shook wi' the lengthened loud applause
That echo'd back his sang.
The glasses roun and roun gaed dirling,
Nae mortal there e'er thocht o' quarreling,
Wi' mirth the rafters rang.
Sic cheering, sic swearing,
Sic rantin' and sic glee,
Sic sploring, sic roaring,
Ne'er sprang frae barley-bree.

Belyve when cam' a quiet blink,
And a' were fairly gorg'd wi' drink,
A swankie clerk "twa Scotch ells lang,"
Gat up to cheer them wi' a sang;
But, over-laden wi' the toddy,
His legs refus'd to bear his body;
First forward staggerin', sideward neist,
Then backward, chin upon his breast,
Syne downwards, when a fleesome roar
Proclaim'd him measur'd on the floor.
A blink he sprawlin' lay, and rair'd,
Then starting, seiz'd WILL TASSIE's beard.

And shook, and swore by earth and h—l,
'T was he that tripp'd him when he fell.

Inflam'd wi' rage, the *Sneddon goat*
Sprang fiercely at the "lang chiel's" throat,
Wha sideways stagger'd to avert
The vengeance rous'd in Tassie's heart.
By doing whilk, his luckless mate
Fell headlong on the kitchen grate,
His beard took fire, a minute mair.
There wasna left a single hair.

The great alarm caus'd by this squabble,
Poor Tassie's groans, the company's gabble,
The walth o' drink, and want o' wit,
Put the kin' Patron in a fit.
Ilk blood red e'e stood in its socket,
His huge jaws firm as they'd been locket,
His lips fast quiver'd, pale his cheeks,
And, waes me! for his guid grey breekis.
But soon recovering frae this trance,
Iron rod in han' he took his stance,
Firm in the neuk where stood the jars,
Then, like a valiant son of Mars,
Thrice roun his head the poker swung,
Thrice aim'd his blows wi' furious fung;
But losing balance back he stoited,
Then down beside the jars he cloited.
Again gat up, and mad wi' rage
The war ance mair he 'gan to wage,
And wi' sic pith his blows he dealt
That ane and a' his vengeance felt.

The lang Clerk sprawl'd upon the floor ;
Wee George, the geldin', sought the door ;
The eripple Cobbler nimblly fled
For safety in below the bed ;
The Piper hid below the table,
While Jamie, loud as he was able,
Iron rod in han', damned ilka goose,
To mak' fleet steps out o' the house.



VERSES

SUGGESTED BY THE RECOLLECTION OF A SCOTTISH
SPRING.

Auld blust'ring Winter's ta'en leg-bail,
His snaws hae fled frae hill and dale,
Cowed by the genial southern gale
That sweetly blows;
And Spring, on mountain, moor and vale,
Her beauty shaws.

The sweet refreshing vernal showers
Ha'e buskit mother earth wi' flowers,
And dressed the woodland fairy bowers
 In sweetest green,
Where beauty owns love's magic powers,
 Wi' bashful mien.

Hail lovely Spring! whose genial breath
Wakes beauty frae the dust o' death,
Spreads verdure o'er the desert heath,
 Where shepherds rove;
And crowns the dizzy mountain path
 Wi' life and love.

Soul of my muse! my fancy's Spring,
And labour's tomb.

To stray beside some shaded burn,
And trace its ilka crook and turn ;
To list the midnight zephyr's mourn
Among the trees ;
Or hear the owlets notes forlorn
Borne on the breeze.

Sweet meditations then arise,
That lift our souls above the skies ;
Earth's pleasures, and earth's vanities,
All fly the mind,
While fancy ever onward flies,
Rapt, unconfined.

On phoenix wing the ravished soul
Seeks nature's bounds beyond the pole,
Sees endless suns and systems roll,
Through space's sea;
Obedient to the wise control
Of Heaven's decree.

From these our thoughts instinctive run
To Him, the dread Almighty One,

Who planned and reared, ere time begun,
Creation's frame;
Great Author of the glorious sun !
We praise Thy name.

Great Source of Life ! whose Self art love,
Who traced the path of Noah's dove,
By whom we live, and breathe, and move,
Or cease to be ;
Teach us the way which leads above,
To bliss and Thee.



THE LAND WHERE I WAS BORN.

There is a land, a lovely land,
Encompassed by the sea,
Whose every mountain, glen and strand,
Thrice hallowed is to me :
It is the land whose heathery hills
No foe e'er trod with scorn ;
The land of rocks and dancing rills,
The land where I was born.

Hail, Scotia, hail ! with love for thee
My raptured bosom swells ;
Land of the brave, the good, the free,
Of woods and flowery dells.
Land, where the thistle proudly blooms,
Fresh as the rising morn,—
I 'll love, till time this heart consumes,
The land where I was born.

Land, where proud Rome in days of yore
Forth led her countless hordes,
Till Scotia gleamed from shore to shore,
With empire-winning swords.
But, glory to our sires of old,—
All stainless and untorn
Still bloom the laurels which enfold.
The land where I was born.

In thee, when Southern foes assailed
To load thy neck with chains ;
And Edward's whetted vengeance pealed
In thunder o'er thy plains ;
A Wallace, matchless, dauntless, good,
His threats defied with scorn,
And nobly saved, in fields of blood,
The land where I was born.

Hail Bruce ! dread essence of the brave !
Hail, monarch of my soul !
Thy deeds, where thraldom found a grave,
To endless fame shall roll.
Thy deeds on Bannock's bloody field
Thy name shall aye adorn ;
Bright glory crowns, and valor shields
The land where I was born.

Land of the mist, where dauntless Knox
First rent the Papal veil ;
Where covenant hymns, from glens and rocks,
Came floating on the gale.
Where martyr'd hosts, to piles of fire,
By Papal vengeance, torn,
Upon thy breast for truth expired—
Great land where I was born.

Hail land of song ! where countless bards
Have tuned the heavenly lyre ;
Where Tannahill's soft strains were heard
To blend with Burns's fire ;

Where Scott in peerless splendor reigned,
And Hogg awoke his horn,
Till echo swelled through wood and glen,
Bright land where I was born.

Land of my love, land of my joy,
Land where my life began;
Land where I rambled when a boy,
And sojourn when a man;
Land where the eagles cleave the sky,
And view the world with scorn,
I'll breathe your name in life's last sigh,
Dear land where I was born.



THE BAGPIPES.

Let ither poets rave and rant,
How fiddles can the saul enchant,
How harps and organs lift the sanet
 To heaven aboon ;
For me, my lugs I winna grant
 To sic like din.

The swelling horn, and sounding drum,
Yield pleasing notes nae doubt to some ;
And chiels wha at pianos thrum,
 Think nought 's sae braw ;
But Scotland's skirling bagpipe's bum
 Is worth them a'.

Oh, weel I lo'e the martial strains,
That swelled our forbear's hearts and veins,
And led them on through reeking plains,
 O' death and gore,
To drive oppression and its chains,
 Frae Scotia's shore

Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
Can tamely sit while Donald plays
 A pibroch peal,
Nor feel his bosom in a blaze
 O' patriot zeal.

In yore, when Roman lads were boun'
To rieve us o' our royal croun,
Frae Highland hills our sires cam' d
 To deadly grip~,
Fired by the bauld inspiring soun
 O' Scotland's pipes.

And weel the Dane and Roman chiels,
Ken'd when they heard the bagpipe's peals,
That Donald was upon their heels
 In martial raw;
Sae faith they took to southern fiels,
 And were na slaw.

The Saxon thocht he micht afford,
To reign supreme, as Scotland's lord;
Sae poured his troops, horde after horde,
 On Scottish plains;
And claimed dominion by the sword,
 O'er our domains.

His flags were waving on ilk height,
When stern, undaunted, Wallace wight,
His claymore waved for freedom's right,
 And Scotland's weal;
And dared proud Edward's vaunted might
 In mony a fiel.

He led his men to battle's brunt,
The Pipers marching at the front,
Wi' stirring peal, and solemn grunt,
 They cheered the way,

Nor tarried, be 't for brose or strunt,
Till banged the fae.

And syne, when Bruce displayed his ranks
For battle on red Baunock's banks,
He placed the Pipers at the flanks,
Wha blew sae weel,
That trembling seized the southrons shanks,
And played the deil.

They could'na bide the clours and paix,
That showered frae our lochaber aix ;
They shook, as coward only shakes
When touched by steel ;
Then cursed the land o' hills and cakes,
And fled the fiel.

And when that shout of victory rose,
Which rent the veil of Scottish woes ;
The swelling pibroch spurred our foes
To quicker bound ;
And stamped the land where Bannock flows
As sacred ground.

Thy bagpipes, Scotland, lang hae been,
Thy very best and truest frien',
On bluidy field or dewy green,
At gloamings grey ;
When lads and lasses wad convene
To dance and play.

When charmed by our dear bagpipe's din
What ither race beneath the sin,

Can match our hardy Highland kin
At reel or jig ?
They loup, and fling, and jink, and rin.
Nor ever lig.

But change the tune to martial air,
Their shouts will mak' the mountains rair ;
Their courage danger ne'er could scare,
When Scotland's guid
Required their help, or aiblins mair,
Their very bluid.

Just sound one swelling pibroch peal,
And say Victoria needs their steel,
Nae twa ways then; ilk hardy chiel
His kilt puts on.
And bids his native hills fareweel
Without a groan.

And when they meet their country's faes,
Their courage kindles to a blaze ;
See Scotland's gallant, daring "Greys,"
And "Forty-twa,"
Lead on the charge, that winged the days
O' Bonna's fa'.

"These kilted savages," he swore,
That came from Scotland's rocky shore,
Stern—as their fathers were in yore—
Wi' dirk and plaid ;
Have grieved my gallant heroes more
Than aught beside.

And see them on the Crimean plains,
Where slavery still eternal reigns ;
Nae odds could cool their boiling veins,
 Nor quench their zeal ;
The rust of cowardice ne'er stains
 The Scottish steel.

My country's Pipes ! while life is mine
I'll love thy strains, as air divine ;
Linked as ye are wi' auld lang-syne,
 My Scottish heart.
Though frae ye sundered by the brine,
 Will never part.

And when on death's cold bier I 'm laid,
Let Pipers round me serenade ;
And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
 For sheet and shroud ;
And o'er my grave be tribute paid,

ONE PIBROCH LOUD.



ADDRESS TO MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

Let fools wi' muckle purses haver
'Bout hats o' silk, or costly beaver.
And flirts o' beaux and mensless chaps,
Brag o'er their one-pound-four light naps ;
But name o' them deserves a sonnet
Sae much as you, my auld blue bonnet.

For mony years, noo past and gane,
Ye've happed my pow frae wind and rain ;
The equinoctial gales nicht blaw.
The lammas tide in torrents fa' ;
Auld Winter too nicht show his form,
Deep wrapped in clouds, and clothed in storm,
Wi' frost, hail, snaw, and blashy sleet,
Shroud nature, like a winding sheet,
But capped by thee, my bonnet blue,
His storms as yet I've wuddled through.
Nor cared I for his wrath a boddle.
Ye lent sie comfort to my noddle.
Since first ye left thy native toun,
Sae famed for nicht-caps and for shoon,
Richt mony ups and downs I've seen,
Wi' pleasant blinks at times between ;
I've tasted bliss, I've shed saut tears,
I've sprung frae youth to manhood's years,
I've wandered far, I've wandered wide,
Frae hame, and a' I loved beside ;
But thanks to God, I'm here again.

Snug seated by my ain hearth-stane.
Dear comrade of my youthful glee,
What memories fond are linked wi' thee !
What joyous transports have I felt,
When at the shrine of love I knelt,
And sued—nor did I sue in vain—
For Meg's love in return again.
O happy, mair than happy days,
When 'mang fair Cart's green banks and braes,
On gloamings grey I wont to stroll,
Wi' her whose love enwrapt my soul.
I sighed a' day, and dreamed a' nicht,
And she, puir thing, was never richt,
Till baith grew tired o' living single.
And bairns noo ramp aroun' our ingle,
And still I bless the page o' life
That gi'ed me Peggy for a wife.
My guid auld frien', it maks me wae,
That fashions should be changing sae,
In youth ye was my very pride,
Ye was sae braw, sae blue, and wide ;
Gang whar I nicht, be 't up, be 't down,
Ye was my comforter an' crown.
Ilk height and howe, ilk moss and moor,
'Tween this and Scotland's southern shore,
And far awa' 'mang Highland sheils,
I've trode wi' thee and blistered heels.
But noo, alake ! my guid auld frien',
Nae gaet wi' thee daur I be seen,
Or modern folks will jibe and joke,
And ea' thee beggar's aumos poke.

Ochon-a-nee ! and lack-a-day !
That e'er we should grow auld or grey ;
Puir worn-out men and thread-bare claes,
Are no the things for noo-a-days ;
When young, and strong, and fit for use,
They're aye made welcome in the house ;
But ance turn auld, be 't man or bonnet,
The fire or hook, they're taught to shun it.
By youthful pomp, and youthful pride,
Like auld worn boots, they're cast aside,
Or aiblins sent, for guid or ill,
To alms-house or the carding mill,
Sae gae your wa's, ye'r out o' date,
And c'en maun just submit to fate ;
My conscience winna let me steer ye,
And fashion says I maunna wear ye ;
Sae we maun part ! and nae remeid,
But buy a beaver in your stead,
And swap ye wi' some gangrel body,
For tea-cup or a dish for crowdy ;
But aye, whene'er I glance upon it,
I'll mind o' you—**MY AULD BLUE BONNET.**



THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, an' creep close to the fire,

This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread;

The snaw's driftin' sair o'er the hill, an' the win,

Like a demon rairs at the lum head.

The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,

God sen' him a beild dry an' warm;

And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—

Oh ! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face o' the sky,

That used sae to cheer me at e'en,

For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinney days,

When wi' Donald I strayed 'neath their sheen.

But he's noo far awa' amidst danger an' strife,

Whar bluid flows in torrents like rain,

I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife;

But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,

Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en;

Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,

An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.

He spak na' a word; but Oh ! sairly I fear

His heart-strings are cut by the glaive;

Wer't no' for my bairns I could rush to my dear

Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn;
 'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
 Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae ;
But aiblins I'm wrang, for the God wha can haud
 The vast sea in the howe o' His han'.
Can shield him frae seaith, an' may yet sen' him back,
 To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God ! what did I hear ? 't was my Donald's ain voice,
 Borne alang on the wings o' the blast ;
He said—" Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye,
 Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."
Oh heavens ! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,
 The bluid's gushing out frae his broo ;
I'm coming, dear Donald—fareweel, my loved bairns !
 I'm coming to heaven an' you.

Thus wailed the brave Highlander's heart-stricken wife.
 In her cot 'mong the heather-clad cairns,
Then frantic arose, clasped her hands o'er her heart.
 Swooned and died in the arms o' her bairns.
Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe,
 That Donald, the flower of his clan,
Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow,
 Fell, fighting for freedom and man.



the morn;

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oe.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE FALL OF DELHI.

Come gentle muse, now spread thy aerial wing,
And guide my fancy, while I dare to sing
Of Sepoy demons, crimsoned with the gore
Of ravished innocence on India's shore ;
Fiends, dead alike to sympathies and fears,
Nor moved by beauty, even when clothed in tears.
Sing Oh my Muse ! of loving father bound
By chains and shackles, to the naked ground,
Then doomed per force to see his ravished wife,
Pour forth her life's-blood neath the assassin's knife;
The unborn infant from her bowels torn,
And round his neck hung with derisive scorn ;
Next, one by one before his burning eye,
His prattling children beneath their butchers die ;
Their final act—'twas charity—to dart,
The friendly dagger in his broken heart.
Oh God of vengeance ! stretch thy withering hand
And smite from earth this demon-hearted band ;
Loud be thy thunders round that charnel well,
Whose horrors dim the deepest shades of hell,
And give to earth such memories, and such tears
As shade the annals of six thousand years.
Ye British heroes, who have erst withstood,
A world's valour both on field and flood,
Behold now scatter'd o'er the Indian plains,
The blood that circled in your sisters' veins,

Whose spirits, weeping o'er their ravished charms,
Now call for vengeance from your conquering arms.
Strike with puissance, till those devils reel
And sue for mercy o'er the grave of NEILL.
'Tis charity to strike their funeral knell,
And sweep such demons to their native hell.
Ye gallant few, whose iron hearts withstood,
While aid yet lingered on the briny flood,
And dared the might a million swords displayed,
Unsheathed for murder, and by furies swayed—
Long may your memories light the path of fame,
Linked with a HAVELOCK's or OUTRAM's name;
Bright be the sunshine of your future power,
As that which cheer'd brave WILSON's dying hour;
And proud your laurels, as the tales which tell
How justice triumphed when proud DELHI fell.



SCOTLAND AND HER KIRK.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HALIFAX
CALEDONIAN CLUB.

Oh ! leese me on my ain dear land,
Though far apart we be,
And leese me on yon gallant band,
The lads beyond the sea.
Stern sons of sires wha bauldly strave,
With claymore and with dirk,
Frae foemen loons, to shield frae saith
Auld Scotland and her Kirk.

Though frae thy shores, auld Scotia dear !
My wandering feet have strayed,
And changing scenes and changing years
My youth-time wrap in shade,
Still mem'ry, faithful to her trust,
In sunshine and in mirk,
Aye sacred keeps within her halls
Auld Scotland and her Kirk.

With lingering step and sadd'ning heart.
I roam this distant shore,
And sigh for scenes of other years,
For friends I 'll meet no more ;
I see the grave where sleeps my sire,
Beneath the spreading birk—
I hear the chimes, which speak of hame,
Of Scotland and her Kirk.

Auld mither Scotland and her Kirk !
What deeds embalm their name !
The voices of our thousand hills
Bear record to their fame.
Each glen and rock, each cave and tower,
Where covenant mem'ries lurk,
Could tales of martyr'd saints unfold
Of Scotland and her Kirk !

Auld mither Scotland and her Kirk,
Hae mony hardships borne,
Since Rome's dark, superstitious veil,
By dauntless Knox was torn.
The persecutors bluidy hand
Ower aft has been at work,
But fire or sword could never bend
Auld Scotland and her Kirk.

My guid auld heather-coated land,
Ye've still got kindly bairns
To twine new laurels round thy brow,
And raise memorial cairns.
The cov'nant hymns that swelled lang syne
Through caverns drear and mirk,
Still find an echo in our hearts,
For Scotland and her Kirk !

Dear land of mist, of sage and song,
What Scot can hear thy name,
Nor feel his bosom swell with pride,
As guardian of thy fame.

The watchful spirits of our sires
Our hearts and courage jerk,
To fan a lowe of endless love
For Scotland and her Kirk.

ver,

Oh ! could I rise on phœnix wing,
I'd soaring seek the sky,
And through the ether fields of day
With whirlwind might I'd fly ;
And, ere the sun's exhausted rays
Turned noontide's blaze to mirk,
I'd bless, among my native braes,
Auld Scotland and her Kirk.



THE OLD BURIAL GROUND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A DREAM.

Alone, absorbed in mental mist,

I trace this solemn round ;

And dream of years that long have flown

Since first these realms were found :

When nought was heard within their spheres,

But savage warfare's sound ;

Nor seen but glittering hostile spears

Around this Burial Ground.

My dear, my now adopted land,

Though born not on thy breast,

I've sojourned long upon thy strand.

And love thee as the best ;

My children claim thee as their own,

And though they roam around,

Their hearts recall them to this spot—

Acadia's Burial Ground.

I stroll within its sacred shades.

And pace each lonely walk

While visions of departed day

Before my fancy stalk ;

I see the ghosts of loyal throngs

On every hand surround,

Whose dust now sleeps within the walls

Of this old Burial Ground.

When Winter's storms among its trees
Deep howl, or plaintive wail,
The voices of the past are heard
In every breathing gale;
And when the snow falls soft and white,
Without a hiss or sound,
Are seen their winding sheets, who sleep
Within this Burial Ground.

Ye spirits of this nation's sires,
Oh, could ye come once more,
And in the flesh survey the waste
Ye trod in days of yore,
What wonders would arrest your gaze,
While treading o'er each mound,
That marks where now so long ye've lain
In this old Burial Ground.

Ah! here they come, like shadows forth,
Those veterans of the past,
Whose zeal left luxury behind.
And here their anchor cast.
The transformation 'rests their march.
As if by magic bound,
"Is this," they ask, "Aecadia's shore,
And this the Burial Ground?"

"What change?" 't was but a desert then,
Of rocky, barren lands,
Where now those lofty mansions rise,
And enterprise expands.

The harbor, with its crowded wharves,
The factories all around,
Bespeak a clime to us unknown,
Save for this Burial Ground.

The grey cathedral's sacred pile.
Its golden cross on high,
Its palaces and garden bowers,
Arrest their wondering eye ;
Its pealing organ's swelling voice,
Like angel music's sound,
Entrance their souls, while mute they list,
In this old Burial Ground.

Their gaze now slowly seeks the south ;
Mark how these eyebrows lower ;
They see the banners waving o'er
Victoria's festive tower.
"Our foeman's flag," they fiercely cry,
"And that to which we're bound !
Changed, changed indeed, yes all has changed,
Abou this Burial Ground."

The mighty fleets that sweep the Bay,
Next drew their wond'ring gaze,
And filled their spectral visions with
The essence of amaze.
The locomotive shriek'd,—one start
And one unearthly bound,
"A fiend," they cried, and disappeared
Beneath the Burial Ground.

A bat came fluttering 'cross my view,
A cloud eclipsed the moon,
An owl sent forth its midnight "whoo."
I started from my swoon.
Ye stars who record all below.
Since nature first was crowned,
Blot out the memory of that night.
In yon old Burial Ground.



THE WIFE O' GREENHEAD.

I've been here and there, I've been up and been doon,
Baith this gaet, and that gaet, and a' roun' and roun';
But ne'er met the marrow, in kintra or toon,
O' the gash honest wife o' Greenhead.

I've broken her bannock, and drucken her beer,
And I've smacket my lips at her gustier gear,
But a' put thegither maks nae siecan cheer,
As the smile o' the wife o' Greenhead.

Her cozy cot stan's by the side o' a rill,
The front o't looks south, and it's back's to a hill.
And ayont a wee bittock ye see the limekiln
O' the honest guidman o' Greenhead.

The gable-en' window looks out to a yaird,
Weel stocket wi' pat-stuff nicht please ony laird,
A' carefully tended, and lib'rally shared,
By the kindly guidwife o' Greenhead.

Elysium-like is her garden o' flowers,
Where humming birds flutter thro' simmer's brief hours,
And roseate odours surround us in showers,
At the hame o' the wife o' Greenhead.

A gunshot in front stan's the hill o' "Tornrocks,"
Upheav'd and laid sideways by earthquaking shocks,
Where the evergreen cedar, the scanty soil mocks,
As it wavess o'er the wife o' Greenhead.

Awa to the left like a siller sea glowing.
The floods o' the mighty "Saint John" are seen flowing;
Ayont it, the "Kennebeasis" comes rowing,
To gladden the sicht frae Greenhead.

Frae a ease fill'd wi' books, even doon to a mouse-fa,
The cottage is plenished wi' ilk things that's usefu'
And rosy cheek'd bairnies there's quite a hale house-fu',
Aroun' the guidwife o' Greenhead.

At hame wi' her family, it's pleasing I trow man,
To get sie a sicht o' wife, mother and woman;
I've often been there, and I honestly vow man,
She charms me, the wife o' Greenhead.

Her honest guidman—Guidness keep him in order—
Was bred far awa on the fam'd Scottish border.
The type o' industry, but nae heartless hoarder
Is the husband o' her at Greenhead.

I hae kenn'd him for years, and I candidly say man.
I everly fand him the very same way man,
Aye friendly and frank, baith by nicht and by day man,
Be't here, or at hame at Greenhead.

And kindly auld grannie, may Heaven lang spare her
To be o' their joys and their sorrows a sharer;
And still may the bairnies grow fatter and fairer,
That bless the guidwife o' Greenhead.

Fareweel for a while noo, baith man, wife and grannie;
And fareweel ilk lassie, and toddlin wee mannie;
Ere long ye may see me yet seated fu' cannie.
To tout aff my horn at Greenhead.

TO THE ROBIN.

Ye're welcome here, my blythe wee frien',
Adorn'd wi' breist o' crimson sheen.
To cheer the dismal dowie scene
 Wi' thy sweet mirth.
While winter, arm'd wi' malice keen,
 Presides o'er earth.

But winter's malice, power, or sting,
To thee disquiet ne'er can bring,
For blythe on tapmost twig ye sing
 Frae day to day ;
His laws ye bauldly gie the fling.
 And scorn his sway.

O how this heart wi' rapture thuds,
To hear thy voicee ring thro' the wuds
When simmer reigns, and flowers and buds
 Are fresh and green ;
Thou pour'st thy music forth in floods,
 Thysel' unseen.

And noo when winter rusts the gristle
O' ilka bird that used to whistle,
And gars them 'mang the stackyairds hustle
 For picks o' grain,
Thou seek'st the city's noise and bustle
 To soothe our pain.

Then, Robin, then thy jetty e'e,
Bright sparkles on our auld thorn tree,
And then thy peerless melody
 Sweet echoes wake ;
Thy sma' reward for siccan glee,
 Wee crumbs o' eake,

And when beneath our window pane
Thou shield'st thyself frae drookin' rain,
What Frenchman that e'er cross'd the main
 Can beck and bow ;
Their airs and etiquette are vain
 When match'd wi' you.

And while aroun' the ingle's blaze,
On cauld, blae, bitter, frosty days,
We crack our joke, laugh, warm our taes,
 And tak a pree,
Wee Robin's sang rings through the haze,
 Wi' bir and glee.

O Robin, wha could view thy merit,
The mony virtues ye inherit,
The dauntless daring, noble spirit,
 Ye aye display.
And dare thy tender form to steer it
 By nicht or day.

Awa', ye wanton, saulless crew,
Wha range our moors and woodlands through
Wi' murd'ring gun, and wallets fu'
 O' chemist's dirt.

To drench wi' gore the warbler's brow
For gain or sport.

Noo, farewell Rob! a while ye'll chime
Your notes 'midst winter's storms sublime,
Then, like some bardies and their rhyme,
From prospects bright,
Sink 'neath the with'ring frosts o' time
In death and night.



JOHN MAUT.

The subject of the following lines, lest any one should mistake his identity, is a natural son of "Old John Barleycorn," about whom Robbie Burns sang many years ago, that :

"John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise," &c.

He is also father of one of the numerous branches of the "Alcohol family," celebrated in song as "Ferintosh," "Usqua," "Aqua-vitæ," "Mountain Dew," &c. &c. Of his character and course of life in modern times, Mr. M. seems to draw a very faithful picture.

—ED. ST. JOHN COURIER.

Hech Sirs! ye're a wearifu' chiel, John Maut.
A' my senses ye've dung in a creel, John Maut.

And the gaid's truth I speak,
When I say to thy cheek,

That ye're no what ye should be atweel, John Maut.

I ferlie that men are sic fools, John Maut,
Wha've been rear'd among churches and schools, John
Maut,

As to swill aff the lieker
That flows in thy bicker,

Sae fraught wi' mishanter and dools, John Maut.

Nae donbt, when once fairly begun, John Maut,
Ye're the Deevil's ain buckie for fun, John Maut,

And ye like nougat sae weel,
As to trip up a chiel,

Till his nose serves to dibble the grun. John Maut.

Its waefu' the wark ye hae dune, John Maut :
Ye hae cover'd the world wi' sin, John Maut,

And I'm half led to think
Mither Eve has had drink,

When she tint a' her prudence sae sune, John Maut.

Shame fa' me ! but whiles I could greet, John Maut,
To see men reel drunk on the street, John Maut,

While their wee bairnies dree,
Wi' a tear in ilk e'e,

Winter's cauld, and nae shoon on their feet, John Maut.

Ye're a heart breaking, ne'er-do-weel loon, John Maut,
Working mischief morn, e'enin' and noon, John Maut,

Wi' thy big plouky beak,
Bluidy e'e, and white cheek,

Ye've disgraced ere noo pulpit and gown, John Maut.

Your heart's cauld, and hard as a stane, John Maut,
As for conscience or saul, ye hae nane, John Maut,

Ye've a palsified frame,
And a worm-eaten wame,

And your flesh is corrupt to the bane, John Maut.

O' a' sorts o' crime ye're the root, John Maut,
Ye level mankind wi' the brute, John Maut,

And between man and wife
Ye aft raise siccan strife

That the tangs have to end the dispute, John Maut.

Your smiles are but snares o' deceit, John Maut,
To wile honest men aff their feet, John Maut,

Syne point out like a spell
 A' the near cuts to hell
 As thy votaries future retreat, John Maut.

Sae be aff wi' your cantrips and glee, John Maut,
 Nor weave your curs'd meshes roun' me, John Maut,
 If advis'd for my guid
 I may yet taste thy bluid,
 But mair strok, haith ! I want na wi' thee, John Maut.

Noo fareweel, and ne'er show me thy face, John Maut,
 In this, that, or any sic place, John Maut,
 For by a' that's serene,
 I wad rather be seen
 Wi' the deevil, ye're sic a disgrace, John Maut.



THE POET'S PHILOSOPHY.

This world is fair, and our life's but a span.

Then why should we e'er disagree, man,
But live still in love with each brother, each man.
For sic was wise heaven's decree, man.

Let us strive to live honest, thro' thick and thro' thin ;
And mind aye, humanity's law, man.
Gie our legs to the cripple, our e'en to the blin'.
And our hearts to the Father o' a', man.

And ne'er let us wantonly tread on the worm,
Nor harm e'en the fly on our wa', man.
Like oursel's they feel pain, though but slender their form.
And there's room on the earth for us a', man.

If we're strong, let our strength aye be ready in need,
To lighten the load o' the weak, man,
And never by word, or by thought, or by deed.
Bring the blush to fair modesty's cheek, man.

If feeble, when called on to enter the field,
And bear o' life's battle the brunt, man,
Be truth our good blade, and stern virtue our shield,
And the bauldest will quail 'neath our front, man.

Should wealth be our fa', let us liberally share,
And ne'er spurn a frien' tho' he's poor, man,
But let's fill up his kite with our daintiest fare,
And neither look sulky nor sour, man.

Should our aumry be scant, and our claithing thread bare,

And our purse be a' neck and nae tail, man,

Let us speak words o' joy to sad sorrow and care,

And comfort the auld and the frail, man.

If auld ; let us glancee at the years that are past

Ere we censure the follies o' youth, man,

Then mould our advice, if intended to last,

With experience, friendship and truth, man.

If young ; we should listen with reverence to eild.

Nor scoff at the auld-fashioned school, man,

Or we'll own ere three-score by our gray hairs are seal'd,

That experience teaches the fool, man.

This world is fair, and our life's but a span,

Then why should we e'er disagree, man,

But live still in love with each brother, each man,

For sic was wise heaven's deeree, man.



V E R S E S

SUGGESTED BY VISITING CROOKSTON CASTLE.

Once more on thy mouldering walls, old tower,
I gaze while fond memory recalls.

Thy years of the past,
Ere the withering blast
Of stern ruin laid waste thy great halls.

But time to whom all things must bend, old tower,
Thy glory hath brought to an end;

And like man, frail and grey,
Soon thou 'lt mingle with clay,
And thy greatness with nothingness blend.

Where's MARY? Thy beauteous queen, old tower,
Who so oft led the dance on thy green,
With DARNLEY her lord.
Ere the fiend of discord.
With its canker-worm dar'd intervene.

She is gone! let us sigh for her fate, old tower.
Born to wield the bright sceptre of state,
But blighted in bloom,
She was borne to her tomb,
The victim of envy and hate.

But time laid the chief of her foes, old tower,
Heart broken and scoff'd midst their woes;

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While pity's salt tear
Wails her cold, bloody bier
More, as time all her virtues disclose.

Thy aged companion, the yew, old tower.*
Is now lost to the lone pilgrim's view.
But proudly its name
Shall be link'd with thy fame,
And the spot be ador'd where it grew.

In the chinks of thy mouldering dome, old tower.
The bat, owl and daw, find a home ;
And when night spreads its gloom,
Where thy ruins consume,
The shades of thy heroes oft roam.

* On a small mount, close to the east side of the Castle, stood a stately yew, called the "Crookston tree," the situation of which was such that it for ages formed a conspicuous object for miles round. Under the ill-omened branches of this funeral tree, Mary and Darnley were accustomed to sit during the brief period of sunshine they enjoyed. . . In 1782, the trunk, to the height of seven feet from the ground, measured ten feet in circumference. . . Its extinction was accelerated by relic collectors, who "undisturbed by conscientious qualms" cut down and carried away large portions. At length the worthy proprietor, Sir John Maxwell, in order that he might secure his right to what was left, found it necessary to root out the stump, and take it into his own immediate possession. This he did in the year 1817. The greater part of the wood having remained sound, fragments of this celebrated tree are to be found dispersed over the country; some as female ornaments and others in less appropriate forms, such as snuff boxes, and drinking cups.
—Fullerton's *Letter of Scotland*.

And sadly they wail o'er thy fall, old tower,
As they glide thro' thy dungeon and hall;

Thy deep moat now gone,
And thou standing alone,
With thy gateway wide open to all.

The thistle now rears its proud head, old tower,
On paths where no foeman dared tread,

While o'er thee, grey pile!
Wav'd the flag of our Isle,
In the years that forever have fled.

When round thee in days of thy bloom, old tower,
Red war's dreadful thunders did boom,

Unshaken ye stood
Midst the rapine and blood,
That sunk a whole land into gloom.

And now, tho' thy pomp, like a dream, old tower,
Has pass'd down oblivion's stream,

Till time's crumbling rust
Grinds thy last stone to dust,
With bright honour thy memory shall beam.



PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE RAINY SEASON OF 1867.

Gods! did ever such a season
Plague man without rhyme or reason,
Blighting, with its storms and bluster,
All the arts his power could muster ;
All that reason told him should be.
And, but for such weather, would be ;
All his cares, his toil and trouble
Gone to pot, nor worth a bubble,
In return for all his sweating
Not a *spud* that's worth the eating.
Crops of hay in marshes wasting,
Oats, to fell destruction hastening,
Rotting on the stalks they grew on.
What a prospect ! want and ruin
Staring in our pallid faces,—
Now's the time for lengthened graces,—
Want of hay—God help the glutton—
Raises rates of beef and mutton :
Want of cows, oh ! what a splutter.
Stops the churn and floors the butter ;
Sends the tea round without creamin'.
Breaking hearts of girls and women ;
Fills with sighs and tears and anguish,
Homes where lovers wont to languish
Cows once gone, sheep will not linger.

But obey the Blighter's finger,
Where it points they'll go for certain,
They, and all that to them pertain,
Fleecce and horns and cloots and earcase,
Dear, O dear ! this is a hard case.
Want of wool will raise the clothing,
Tailors are already frothing,
Grinning as they make their stiches,
Patching, more than making, breeches,
Want of horns and hoofs to stew sirs,
Will increase the price of glue sirs,
Play the deuce with cab'net makers
And fill painters with the shakers,
Snobs make haste, in councl gather,
Want of hides will raise the leather ;
Get the saddlers and the tanners
To unfurl their distress banners
To awake the publice's pity
For your hardships in this city,
Misery's steed in madness prances
Over Valpy, Hall, and Francis,
Vegetarians erst so civil
Now send butchers to the devil ;
Tallow chandlers, once so greasy,
Now look care-worn and uneasy ;
Farlane, Kee, and several others,
Woe-struck, sympathising brothers,
Seem to think that germination
Never more will grace creation,
But these ills and others brewing
Though twiee doubly armed with ruin,

Though they spread fell desolation
O'er this young embryo nation.
Sink to nought, compared with sinners
Who, like John Bull, love their dinners,
Who would pawn their father's spirit
For a steak washed down with claret :
Mutton chop or minced collop
No more in their pot shall wallop.
But through this and coming winters
All must fare on Yankee grunters,
Call a council, sound the tocsin,
In this case there is no hoaxin'.
What will all be like a year hence?
'T is beyond a man's forbearance.
Flourish trumpets, drums and sabres,
Till ye rouse your slumbering neighbors,
Crowd the streets to overflowing,
Stop the Governor from going :
Bind old Doyle with fun'ral van straps
And catch Fenians in man traps.
Cut them up to feed the Grumphies
Of the loyal Roarks and Dumphneys ;
Pitch the leaders to the devil,
Teach them henceforth to be civil.
Teach them,—here my prudent conscience
Whispers, "no more of this nonsense,
Fool! excitement kills your reason,
Don't you see you're writing treason?"

THE TWA OWLS.

"Ye tauntin' loons! trow this nae joke;
For ance the ass o' Balaam spoke
Better than lawyers do forsooth:
For it spak naething but the truth."— FERGUSON.

In swelling storms the day had passed away,
And darkest night slept over Fundy's bay;
The moon was hid behind a cloudy pile,
And overhead no star was seen to smile;
No sound was heard except the surge's roar,
That burst in foam upon our rocky shore;
And sounding Falls, whose thunders borne along
Swell'd the hoarse echo of the ocean's song.
The silvery rays our Island light-house shed
Hung like a halo, o'er the countless dead,
Who, press'd by famine from their native land,
Had sought a home on fair Columbia's strand.
But in their wake, from Erin's stricken shore,
Came pestilence across the ocean's roar;
The ships were smitten by its poisonous breath,
And sharks were fatten'd by the work of Death.
Who, on our Island, frown'd like an eclipse,
And drew his victim thousands from the ships,
Saved from the tempest's wrath, and ocean's waves,
To reach the shore, and sink in foreign graves.*

* On the authority of George Harding, Esquire, M. D., Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station, I may state, that during the rage of the ship-fever pestilence in 1847, not fewer than one thousand of its victims found their last resting place amidst the scanty soil of Partridge Island.

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A HARDING laboured with a hero's zeal—
Fought the grim tyrant for the people's weal :
Fair Life and Hope were with him through each tent,
And even the dying smiled where'er he went.
Till, struck at length by pestilential dart,
He felt its poison in his veins and heart ;
So, sternly bowing to the voice of doom,
He left the field, unconquer'd, though o'ercome.

Next COLLINS* came, whose ardor, zeal and love,
Seemed inspirations from the world above ;
Though young in years, an amethyst in skill ;
A courage dauntless, an unending will.
Sustained awhile his warm, impulsive heart
In turning sideways death's relentless dart ;
But, caught amiss, the venom touched his vein,
And rushed like magic to his master brain.
Short was the struggle, death had now the grip.
And blanched the colour from his cheek and lip.
But still, while prostrate on his couch he lay,
In physique helpless as his native clay.

*Dr. J. P. Collins, a young man of much promise, who had just graduated at the Royal College of Surgeons, London, also at Paris, and had returned to the City of Saint John for the purpose of there engaging in the practice of his profession. His success, considering his years, was almost unprecedented. He married, and a few months afterwards, when the emergency arose, humanely consented to act during the illness of Dr. Harding, as Medical Superintendent of the Quarantine Station. In a short time he caught the contagion, sank under it, and died at the age of 23 years and 3 months, leaving his young widow, at the time *enciente*, to mourn the loss of a heart and a husband, whose chief characteristics were *love to man and veneration to God*.

His latest blessing to mankind was given,
And, breathing love, respired his soul to heaven.

But to my tale : the midnight's parting knell
Still through my ears rang like a friend's farewell.
The fire's last embers had withdrawn their glow,
My lamp was flickering, dim, and burning low;
Yet still I sat in reverie profound,
Deaf to the world, and blind to all around,
When suddenly a rustling 'mongst the trees,
As leaves were shaken by a gentle breeze.
A noisy flutter and a piercing scream
Assailed my ears, and roused me from my dream.
A sudden tremor spread throughout my frame ;
I started, stared, but knew not whence it came.
Next sought the window, and beheld from thence
Two monstrous Owls, perched on the outer fence,
Whose large grey eyes sent forth a sparkling light,
Bright as the fire-fly on sweet July's night.
So wise their glance, so graceful were their airs,
They seemed two lawyers on two judgment chairs ;
Sagacity was in their every look.
And reverence crowned them like a priest's peruke.
In silent meditation both seemed wound,
Nor could I hear them make a single sound.
At length, howe'er, they seemed inspired to speak,
But first they smoothed their feathers down full sleek,
And then in Scottish accent thus did clatter
About the Province and Provincial matter.

SANDIE.

Heck man ! but things are sadly changed I trou
Since first about auld Partridge Isle I flew,

O'er a' its length and breadth, frae shore to shore,
 There's no ae tree where I hae seen a score ;
 The very soil itsel', as sure's I'm breathing,
 Has worn awa, Guid help me ! quite to naething.
 And through the wood as far's I east my e'en,
 The fient a bird or squirrel's to be seen ;
 The very bats hae left these shores, in dread
 O' being cheated out their nichtly bread ;
 What things will come to at the latter en'
 I frankly own is far beyond my ken.

JOCK.

Aye aye, my frien', the times are sairly changed
 Since you and I first through New Brunswick ranged ;
 Baith up, and down, and far, and round about,
 A' sorts o' things hae been turned inside out ;
 But Sandie, lad, I'm sure ye brawly ken
 That constant change attends the paths o' men ;
 They hae so mony notions o' their ain,
 Ye'd think auld nature made her works in vain.
 Fient haet she's done can please them as it stands,
 Be't mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, or lands,
 A' maun be made to suit their ilka plan,
 And yield subservience to the will o' man ;
 Na, even the lightning's godlike, fiery stream,
 Maun bow obedient to his power supreme.

SANDIE.

Ower true my frien', that constant change attends
 Despotic man in a' his ways and ends,
 Here on this Isle where noo we sit ar rest,

My guid auld mither yearly built her nest ;
Noo, waes my heart ! the very tree is gane
Whar first I breathed and learned to fly my lane.

JOCK.

Cheer up man, Sandie, dinna look sae sad,
Mankind when done are no' sae very bad ;
Just east aroun', frae where we sit, thy e'en,
Ye'll see enough to change thy mind I ween.
Here stands enclosed within this spacious fence
A braw white cottage, reared at great expense ;
Inside weel stored wi' blankets, beds and rugs
To hap poor sailors to the very lugs,
Wha by mischance hae tint their health at sea,
And but for succor, might lie down and dee.
And mark this stately light-house, towering grand,
A shining honour to our native land ;
I'm tauld for truth its brilliant friendly beams
For threty miles o'er sea distinctly gleams,
To warn the seaman, wha might else be lost,
Against the dangers o' our rocky coast.
This gas-house here, below the battery hill,
Was built short syne to make it better still.
But waes my heart ! I'm tauld the chiel wha hires
To sweat his Saul out o'er their raging fires,
And keep a' things in order night and day,
Has for reward sic shamefu' scanty pay,
That faith he's pinched to keep his bairns in hose,
Or gust their gabs wi' butter to their brose.
If sic be sac, shame fa' me but their souls,
Men though they be, are scantily fit for owls.

Noo glance your e'en adown there to the height,
Ye see a tower stands pleasing to the sight,
Crowned by a bell, that during fog and snow,
Warns tentless mariners 'gainst coming woe,
And overlooks the biggings raised langsyne,
For hapless emigrants on quarantine.
In short, dear Sandie, viewing this and that,
I deem the Island an improven spat.

SANDIE.

I freely grant they hae done muckle guid,
But then again it fires my very bluid,
To see sae mony o' the leading crew
Strut up and down, wi' deevil haet to do ;
But draw their salary and dress fu' trig,
Then stand at corners looking wise and big,
While men wha toil and sweat to do the wark,
Maun cheat their wames to buy be 't brose or sark.
For instance noo, that very chiel ye name
Wha 'stills the gas to feed the lantern's flame,
Is 't richt that he should hae sic scanty means
To feed and eedle hi' self, his wife and weans ;
Were I a man, before I'd do 't mysel'
I'd kick the gas-works and its fires to h—l.
But, guidsake Joek, what else could we expect
Frae chiels wha naething but themsel respect,
God help the Provinee while it trusts its cash,
Wi' bankrupt merchants, lawyers, and sic trash,
Wha like a cook grown greedy o' the grease,
First licks her fingers, then purloins the peas,
And syne dissatisfied with having both,
She claims the pat, the beef, and a' the broth.

JOCK.

Noo haud ye there, and dinna vent sic wrath,
 Ere lang gae by they 'll tread a different path,
 I 'll wad a bodle ere a year turns roun,
 Ye 'll hear the birkies sowf anither tune;
 There 's some I ken that winna set their lugs
 To bite and snash poor folk as they were dogs,
 Claim double labour for a single hire,
 And tramp on justice as they tread on mire,
 Turn up their snouts at reason's stern appeal,
 And look for tribute where they ought to kneel.

SANDIE.

Well spoken Jock ! they 've got true men of late,
 To guard their richts, and turn the wheels o' state;
 Men fu' o' smeddum, truth, and honest zeal,
 Wha wish the Provincee and the people weel,
 And winna tamely let oppression lower
 Frae rotten remnants o' the Tory power.
 Real true blue Liberals baith in word and deed,
 Wha 'd scorn to rieve folk o' their daily bread,
 And 's done mair guid in twa three months I trou,
 Than Tory jugglers did a' through and through,

JOCK.

A' true my frien', sae far as I can see
 They 've wit and prudence in nae sma' degree,
 And 's done their best in mony things I grant,
 But faith I fear their gratitude 's but scant;
 It seems to me they take official pride
 In turning langsyne proven friends aside,

There's Doctor COWE-THE-LOONS, as staunch a chiel
 As ever laboured for the country's weal—
 Wi' pen and tongue through mony lengthened years
 He pled their cause wi' few or nae compeers.
 And syne when done, they gied a sidelins lowp
 And left the Doctor on his sonsy dowp.
 Sic base ingratitude was never kenn'd,
 And 's quite a thing I downa comprehend.

SANDIE.

But dear me Jock, ye ken as weel as me
 That best o' men will often step agee;
 I ken the Doctor gat but seuryy thanks
 For a' his service in the Liberal ranks;
 But still, my frien, I canna bring my min'
 To b'lieve them guilty o' sic base design,
 There's something queer about the whole affair
 That's troubled mony politicians sair;
 But haith! I'm led to think by publick clatter,
 There's been some Tory trickery in the matter.

JOCK.

E'en be it sae, for weel I'd like to see
 The Liberal birkies keep frae flying free.
 That TILLEY seems a guy lang-headed chiel,
 Pang'd fu' o' lear, and gabs as glib as PEEL,
 Guid grant him health to scratch an auld man's pow,
 And serve his country aye as weel's he dow;
 Sae here my frien we'll let the matter rest,
 And seek the comforts o' our cozy nest.

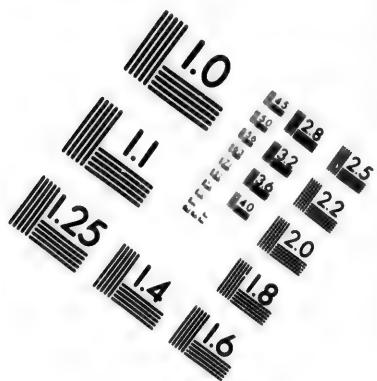
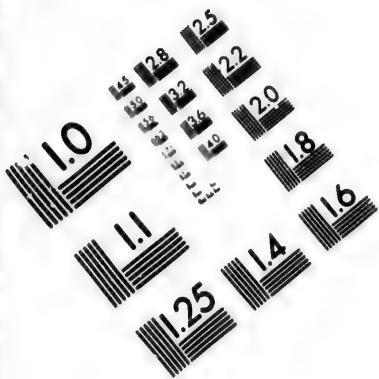
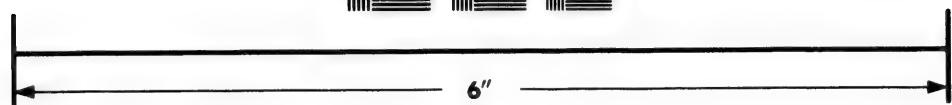
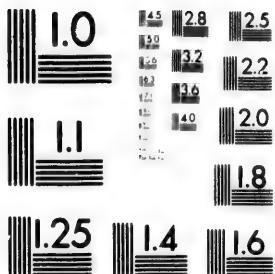
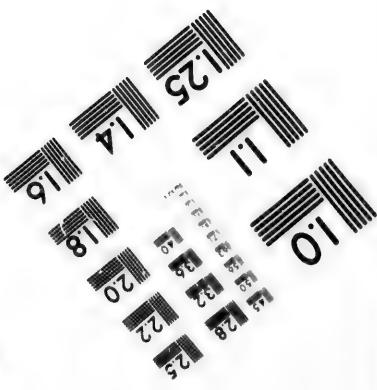


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Some ither night I'll gladly hear your views
On ither branches o' Provincial news.

They stretch'd their wings, and with one loud whoo,
 whoo,
Dived in the night and vanished from my view.



whoo,

A PRAYER.

Almighty Jehovah ! before Thee we fall ;
Creator, sustainer, and Lord over all ;
Great source of all pleasure and pain ;
At whose nod from on high the wild tempests are driven,
At whose word streameth forth the fierce lightning of
heaven,
By whose will the dark mountains asunder are riven,
Oh, let not our prayers be in vain !

Great essence of goodness, of justice, and love,
From eternity throned in thy cœlum above—
Immutable, infinite God ;
By whose power the vast ocean is chain'd to its bed,
By whose power in their circles the planets are led,
By whose power heaven's dome was with stars overspread,
Oh, guide us from sin's fatal road !

From the depths of the ocean to earth's utmost bound,
In ravine and valley, O God, Thou art found,
By all who would seek Thee aright ;
Could we penetrate earth to its innermost cave,
Or were mountains on mountains laid over our grave,
Were the floods of the ocean above us to rave,
We could not be hid from Thy sight.

Thou source of all being, of measureless worth,
At whose breath yonder ball of effulgence had birth,
To Thee we in suppliance cry !

The universe, Father, is filled with Thy grace,
From the throne of bright heaven to uttermost space !
E'en for us—a rebellious, iniquitous race—
Thou gavest the Saviour to die.

Oh, Father of worlds—omnipotent God !
Support us, Thy creatures, who groan 'neath a load
 Of transgressions by nature our own ;
When Thy thunders shall over this universe boom,
And awake all who are, or have been, from the tomb,
May we number with those who in glory shall bloom
 Eternally round Thy high throne.



ace!

LINES

Written for, and recited at the Celebration of Burns's Anniversary, Saint John, N. B., January 25th, 1865.

TO THE DOOR-KEEPER.

What ! nae admittance ! Cau I b'lieve my lugs,
That Scots would treat their brithers thus like dugs ?
A stranger in the place, I casual heard,
Ye here had met in honour o' the Bard
Wha sang lang-syne that men were brithren a',
And yet ye'd practice thus exclusion's law.
May Guid forgie ye for your want o' sense,
And teach ye in the future better menso.
But hear me lad, I winna gang enou,
For ane, or aiblins twa, as big as you ;
I'll see the Chairman first, and if he spurns
The likes o' me,—a votary o' Burns—
I'll then depart, nor speak a word o' blame,
Though grief and disappointment chill my frame,
But that I fearna', point me out the Preses,
I'll seek him noo and trust to his guid graces.
Aye, that's he, is it ? Thank you lad, but min',
Though ye're a pearl, a' ithers arena' swine.

TO THE CHAIRMAN.

Eh, dear me ! can I really b'lieve my e'en ?
And is the Chairman my auld worthy frien',
Douce ROBIN KELTIE, whom I've ken'd sae lang,

The wale o' chiels for friendship, joke and sang,
How are ye Robin? hac man, taste my mull,
I'll tak a drap o' this, through sheer guid will;
Wha wad hae thocht o' meeting ither here,
Beside this table groaning 'neath sic cheer?
Here's to ye lad! I'm proud to see ye there,
Sae doucely seated in that elbow chair,
Presiding o'er this meeting and display,
In honour o' our Poet's natal day.
Eh, man! but Robin was a canty cock,
At gleefu' meetings with plain kintra folk;
An auld Scots sang, and sirple o' the breec,
Aye brocht the licht o' genius to his e'e.
And then his wit was sic, that auld and young,
Alike were charmed by his enchanting tongue,
The auld anes hatch'd and shook their sides wi' laugh-
ing.
The youngsters nearly swarf'd wi' downricht daffin.
In a' he said and did he had sic arts,
That nae like him could reach the lasses hearts;
And Oh, how tenderly he lo'ed the dears,
In weal or woe, in gladness or in tears;
The peasant maiden, and the high-bred dame,
To honest Robin's heart were baith the same;
He loved them as the fairest things on earth,
And gave them fame regardless of their birth.
Five score and sax years on this very nicht,
Did Robin's e'e first ope to life and licht;
Weak, helpless, cradled in his mother's arms,
Alike unconscious o' life's cares and charms,
Wha then could guess, in that propitious hour,

That music's soul ; an empire-moving power ;
Progression's watchword ; freedom's sternest friend ;
An independence never known to bend ;
A scorpion lash 'gainst superstition's reign,
All latent slumbered in his tiny brain.
Time saw the man developed, yes, and time
Saw the fruition of his powers sublime.
“ Poor gaping, glow'ring superstition ” felt
And reel'd before the master-strokes he dealt ;
Till cowed at length, by his soul-seathing banters,
She hid hersel amang the Covenanters.
The Rev'rend Knox, we ken in former times
Reformed the Kirk, and purged it o' its crimes ;
Not less the task that to our Bard befell
To crush “ sour bigotry,” as by a spell.
Stern was his language, sterner was his mien,
Fierce was the fire-flash of his speaking c'en,
And deep the satire of his declamation,
In working out this second Reformation.
Proud was his aspect when he touched his lyre
To tell aloud in tones of living fire,
That honest worth in mither nature's plan—
“ Though e'er sac poor,” still constitutes the man.
Kings are but puppets ; dukes and lords the same ;
Riches are baubles ; pompous state a game ;
But sterling worth, in king, duke, lord or beggar ;
And up again to Father *Abe** the “ *pegger* ; ”
Is still the same in every human spirit,
The man's true standard and the soul of merit.

*President Lincoln, of the United States of America.

This nicht auld Scotland weel may cock her bonnet ;
Weel may her bards pour forth baith song and sonnet ;
Weel may her lasses joyfu' trip the green,
Wi' love and pleasure beaming frac their c'en ;
Weel may the ploughman in the furrowed fiel'
Glow with the living fire o' patriot zeal ;
Loud may the shepherd tune his rustic horn,
Rejoiced that such a being e'er was born.
Noo, maister Chairman, having said my say,
I thank ye for your patience ; and if sae
Ye be inclined, I'll tak anither dram,
And toddle aff as quietly as I cam.



net;
sonnet;

A MOTHER'S WAIL.

Respectfully and sympathetically inscribed to Mrs. ROBERT
MELROSE, Saint John, N. B.

They're gane, they're gane, they're gane,
And I'm left alone to languish;
My bosom rent by pain,
And my soul the prey of anguish;
I see their ghostly biers,
And my heart could burst wi' grieving;
For the dried-up source of tears,
Leaves nae channel for relieving.

'Tis only days sinsyne,
That I heard their joyous pratt'ling;
'Tis only days sinsyne,
They were round the ingle bratt'ling;
With youthfu' bursts of glee,
And bright rosy smiling faces;
Noo, my bonny laddies, three,
Are in death's cold, dank, embraces.

With joy I saw them burst,
Frae the bud into the blossom;
With joy them a' I nurst,
As they nestled in this bosom;
My life was then a dream
Of a future filled with gladness;
I awoke, and lo! its beam
Leaves a life of grief and sadness.

They left me as they came,
First, my eldest and my dearest ;
Again, the blighter came
For my gentlest and my fairest ;
Wee JAMIE next, and last,
Sweet and tender as the lily,
Has through death's portals passed,
To his brithers—BOB and WILLIE.

It's wrang to fret and pine,
'Neath the trials heaven measures ;
But Oh ! it's hard to tine
A' sic precious earthly treasures.
They're gane, my a' are gane !
And I'm left behind to sorrow ;
O God ! relieve my pain,
Send some comfort for to-morrow.

I'll seek the lanely plot
Where my darlings three are lying ;
With tears bedew the spot,
And wake echo with my sighing.
My joys on earth are gane,
One by one my heart-strings wither ;
O God ! relieve my pain,
And God help ilk childless mither.



V E R S E S.

When I gaze on the East, oh, 't is charming!
Then dreams of my country come swarming;
 Though sunder'd we 've been,
 Still each infantine scene
My heart and my memory keeps warming.

The sun beets his lamp my old home in,
Before he goes westward a-roaming,
 And gives his first rays
 To the green heath'ry braes
Of the land where the cascadles are foaming.

As by the sea-coast I go strolling
I mark the wild billows a-rolling,
 And think of the strand
 Of my own native land,
Where the tocsin of freedom's aye tolling.

Could I mount with the wings of the morning,
When crimson the sky is adorning,
 In the sun's golden track
 I would trace my way back
From this to the land I was born in.

In exile, though doomed to bemoan it,
May heaven shower blessings upon it,
 And strengthen my hand
 While I drink to the land
Of the thistle, and bagpipe, and bonnet.

GRANNY KENT.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

What dool is this come o'er us noo
That clouds the licht o' ilka broo,
And gars ilk birkie hing his mou,
 This blessed lent ;
Alas ! alas ! death's claimed his due
 Frae Granny Kent.

Through lang lang years, three-score-and-ten,
Her Grace gaed toddlin but and ben,
To wayward, sinfu' sons o' men,
 A blessing sent ;
Noo notes o' wae flow frae my pen
 For Granny Kent.

My doolfu' muse noo hings her head,
Her e'e shoots forth the crystal bead,
And sorrow tunes the shepherd's reed
 On brae and bent ;
While kings and courts wear sable weed
 For Granny Kent.

Frae northern hills where sunbeams glow
On crests of everlasting snow,
The nation's tears, the nation's woe
 Frae bosoms rent ;
Unbidden start, unceasing flow
 For Granny Kent.

O'er mountains, downs, and woody dales,
To southern aromatic vales,
Where high the soaring sky-lark sails
 The firmament ;
Ilk body hings his head and wails
 For Granny Kent.

Within her gentle bosom heaved
A tide of love for all who grieved :
The grey-haired sire, the youth deceived
 Through time mis spent ;
The milk of kindness aye received
 Frac Granny Kent.

The widow and her orphan brood
Who pined and sighed in solitude.
Bereft of hope, lone and subdued
 By feelings pent ;
Noo shed saut tears of gratitude
 For Granny Kent.

True type o' a' things guid and great.
She shed a halo round the State ;
Her smile could dukes and lords elate
 When kindly lent ;
Noo sunk beneath the shafts of fate
 Lies Granny Kent.

Deep is the debt our nation owes
To her noo sunk in death's repose,
Whose virtue, stemless, onward flows
 Through Parliament ;

Guid help our Sovereign ! 'midst her woes
For Granny Kent.

Let sculptured marble pillars rise
To mark where low she mould'ring lies ;
Dark centre, where a nation's sighs
In groans get vent ;
While echo from his cave replies
“ Dear Granny Kent.”

Adieu, thou blessed spirit fled !
Here bending o'er her narrow bed,
My bitter, burning tears I shed
With heart-strings rent ;
In tribute to the sacred dead—
Auld Granny Kent.



JOHN FROST.

By my sang! noo in earnest ye 've come, John Frost,
With thy cankert auld phiz, doure and glum, John Frost;

Turning a' upside down,

Baith in kintra and toun,

Making man, bird and beast, a' sing mum, John Frost.

I've nae doubt but ye think it nice jokes, John Frost,
To stalk forth with thy snaw-pouthert locks, John Frost,

And wi' cauld, icy shears,

Snip the noses and ears,

O' mysel' and sic Christian folks, John Frost.

And thy winds, too, I hear they're at wark, John Frost,
Coming down frae the north, fell and stark, John Frost,

Spreading fear, dread and chills,

O'er the valleys and hills,

Just like even-down demons o' dark. John Frost.

Ye're a gruesome auld earlie, I trou. John Frost,
E'en the glance o' thy e'e maks me grou, John Frost,

And to me it seems plain,

Gin the Deil had his ain,

He wad soon hae his clutches on you, John Frost.

Hout! ye needna get into a fyke, John Frost,
Nor be showing thy teeth like a tyke, John Frost.

I've a warm, cozy hame,

And a couthy wee dame,

Sae, for me, ye may storm as ye like. John Frost.

Na, it's no' for mysel' I wad speak, John Frost,
But for ither, auld, donnert and weak, John Frost,

Wha are dreeing thy ire,
Seant o' claiting and fire,

While grim hunger sits blanching their cheek, John
Frost.

Still ye're aye sending blast after blast, John Frost.
O' thy snaws, and sic ither cauld trash, John Frost,

Quite unmindfu', I ween,
O' the wee, watery e'en,

O' bairns barefit, that through it maun plash, John Frost.

It seems a' very nice on the lake, John Frost,
To see men, as if life were the stake, John Frost.

Flee about like the fates
On their smooth skimming skates,
But they whiles get a douk for thy sake, John Frost.

Aye, and deep are the raptures I feel, John Frost.
When ayont at the roaring bonspeil, John Frost,

I behold the blythe blink
O' ilk e'e roun' the Rink,

As the stanes snoring through ither reel, John Frost.

Wi' their muffs and their ruffs, bien and braw, John
Frost,

And a muckle bear's skin over a' John Frost,

The rich gentles may glide
O'er the snaws far and wide,

In their sleighs siecan grandeur to shaw, John Frost.
But, waesock! for the feckless and puir, John Frost.

Wha, like Bruin, maun stick to their lair, John Frost ;
Wi' nae wark for their jaws
Save to sook at their paws,
Till the saft wins o' Spring come ance mair, John Frost.

E'en Sir Reynard, for a' his sly turn, John Frost,
Through thy treach'ry has often to mourn, John Frost,
When the rude hunter chaps
On the snaw trace his staps,
Syne to wind his puir knightship a pirn, John Frost.

Noo, I 've said a' I 'm meanin' to say, John Frost,
And ye e'en may think o 't what ye may, John Frost ;
Tak' it ill, tak it weel,
I 'm quite careless, auld chiel',
Sae I bid ye a hearty guid day, John Frost.



TO MY WIFE.

Since first we met, you know the place,
 'Twas in another clime;
How vast the change in form and face
 That marks us since that time.
We little dreamed in those fond days
 Beneath an Eastern sun,
That through life's glooms and sunny rays,
 Our fates were linked in one.

Now Youth's fantastic dreams are o'er,
 Its visions all have fled.
And here we tread the solemn shore
 Which girds us from the dead.
But why repine, or shed a tear?
 Our ease is that of all
Who do, or did, or ever will
 Traverse this earthly ball.

We've trod the upward path of life.
 We've quaffed its cup of joy,
And still my good, my own dear wife.
 Our love knows no alloy.
Our sons have reached to manhood's growth;
 Our girls are leal and fair;
Such treasures come not with the wind,
 Nor vanish in the air.

Our course now lies adown that steep
Chalked out by fate's behest,
But hand in hand, as up we came,
We'll journey down to rest.
A glorious beacon guides our path
To that sweet land of peace,
Where weary pilgrims find repose,
And all their troubles cease.



V E R S E S

Written for, and spoken by the Chairman of Burns's Anniversary,
celebrated by the Paisley "Literary and Convivial Association,"
in their Hall, 25th January, 1853.

Admirers of Genius, now fill to the brim ;
A toast to his memory I crave—
Whose name down the stream of the future shall glide,
Revered and acknowledged his country's pride,
'Till time, hoary time, finds a grave.

And who was this great one, whose soul-searching eye
Humanity's heart-core could scan—
Could view all its frailties, its wrongs and its crime,
And with pathos unequalled, and diction sublime,
Lament o'er the miseries of man ?

Who was he, this bold one, so dear to us all !
Whose Muse, like a magical spell,
Could conjure the fiends from their nether retreats,
And range them in order with tombstones for seats,
While coffins, like presses,
Showed shrouds for ball dresses,
And nothing was heard
From that lonely churchyard,
But pibroch-like sounds,
And mirth without bounds,
From those grim-visaged natives of hell ?

Who was he, this loved one ! whose phoenix-winged soul,
Like a thing by Jove's thunderbolts driven
Through millions of worlds, in ceaseless commotion,
Rushed on like a whirlwind through space's dark ocean,
To commune with Mary in heaven ?

Who was he could rouse e'en the sluggard to arms ;
The cynic could kindle to love ;
Could view at a glance all his country's woes ;
And with Bruce on red Bannockburn charge all her
foes ?
It was BURNS, who has now gone above.

Hail, shade of the Bard ! to old Scotland so dear ;
Methinks from thy home in the sky,
This night, towards earth, thou thine ear may'st be
bending,
To list all those strains which the welkin are rending,
As upwards, and upwards, their notes are ascending,
While heaven's own minstrels their music are blending,
In honour of thee, now on high.



L I N E S

Written for the Centenary Anniversary of the Birth of ROBERT
BURNS, celebrated at Saint John, N. B., January 25, 1859.

Trowth, Mr. President, it glads my sight.
To see, on this cauld, frosty, Januar' night.
Sae mony chiels leal, honest, frank and kin',
Assembled here, on "hamely fare" to dine,
Joke, laugh and sing, and tak a tout by turns,
In honour of auld Scotland's minstrel—BURNS.

Aroun' this board, as far's I cast my view,
.Joy lights ilk e'e, and mantles o'er ilk brow ;
Ae common britherhood amang us reigns,
Sweet as the memory of our native plains ;
Our bond of union, may't ne'er be forgot,
All men are men, but then a Scot's a Scot.
Lang may we cock our bonnets at the name ;
Lang may we glory in auld Scotland's fame ;
Lang may it be our greatest, chiefest boast,
That time first saw us on its rocky coast.

Hail Scotland ! hame ! O how these names impart
Fire to my soul, and rapture to my heart,
And wake to life, before my mental e'e,
Scenes of the past, youth, innocence and glee,
When blythe and merry as the langsyne fays,
We pu'd the gowans frae our native braes ;
Ere yet life's cares, or troubles had began
To strew with thorns the prickly paths of man.
Again my Country ! gazing at thy past.

Bright is the halo fame hath o'er thee cast ;
 Rome, from the summit of a conquered world,
 Heard from thy shores a bold defiance hurled,
 Strove 'midst her legions, but essayed in vain.
 To bend thy prowess to her slavish chain.
 Land of my heart ! where WALLACE swayed his sword,
 Dread as a thunderbolt 'gainst England's lord !
 Land where a BRUCE, revered till latest time,
 Swept stern oppression from his natal clime ;
 Land where old Ossian, silvered o'er with years,
 First woke his lyre and shed his parting tears ;
 Land where a Knox, bold as the eagle's flight,
 Dispelled the shades of superstition's night ;
 Land of the Patriots' graves, and Martyrs' urns,
 Land of a RAMSAY, FERGUSON and BURNS.

Thou muse of Coila o'er my numbers beam,
 Lend strength and music to my jading theme ;
 Sing of the rustic Bard whose mighty soul
 Dived into space, and soared beyond the pole,
 Swept like a comet through the worlds above
 To hold communion with his Highland love.
 Hail, glorious Burns ! this night the songs of earth
 Give to the past the century of thy birth.
 Still, mighty spirit ! still does humankind
 Weep o'er the pathos of thy living mind ;
 Still do we grieve to find, where'er we turn,
 Man's " inhumanity makes thousands mourn ;"
 And still we joy to find, whate'er betide,
 The " big ha' Bible " 's yet " the Cottar's pride."
 The modest daisy yet bedecks the field
 Where lies the wreck of mousie's ruined bield ;

Thy "Bonny Doon" still pours its floods along,
Sweet as the echo of its Minstrel's song ;
And winding Ayr still laves its pebbled shore
Pure as when MARY trod its banks in yore.
Belovèd Bard ! to every clime and land,
Like morning's beams, thy gorgeous strains expand ;
Born though thou wast within an "auld clay biggin,"
Where "restless rattens" squeaked "about the riggin,"
This night are met throughout the realms of earth
Thy fellow-men, to glory in thy birth.
Auld mither Ayr hersel', with mickle glee,
Joins in this centenary jubilee ;
And yon "twa brigs" which she takes such delight in
This night shake hands and drop their tinkler flytin,
And near the seenes where honest "Tam O'Shanter"
On swank auld Maggy hamewards used to canter ;
This night are met, instead of troops o' witches,
The wale of men for learning, wit and riches.
Sweet be their joys till chanticleer shall craw
In honouring him—"the Bard that's noo awa."

Departed shade ! ere yet the tide of time
Has swept another century from our clime,
Those millions now elate with festive mirth
Shall all have vanished from their parent earth ;
But who, like thee, amidst their countless throng,
Will stamp an era in the march of Song ;
Light be the turf which haps thy hallowed breast,
And sweet the dreams of thy eternal rest.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

Once more Gleniffer ; yet once more
Upon thy brow I stand,
And view thy Castle, old and hoar,
Where Scotland's sons in days of yore
Repelled, in fields of death and gore,
The foes of Scotia's land.
Once more thy bearded thistles wave,
Meet emblem of the glorious brave.

Once more I see thy ravine deep
Half hid among the trees ;
I see its crystal waters leap
From bank to bank, while down they sweep
Through channel—rocky, dark and steep ;
Again I feel thy breeze.
Once more the Norland hills I greet,
Where snows defy the summer's heat.

Now to thy broom and heather-bell
The bees with rapture cling ;
Again from glen, wood, rock and fell,
Thy countless feathered minstrels swell
Their notes of love, till sky and dell
With heavenly echoes ring.
Again I hear thy streamlet's wail,
And fragrance from thy flowers inhale.

All these, with raptured breast I hail—
But where is now the Bard
Whose strains, borne on the passing gale,
Were heard afar o'er hill and vale,
Sweet as the eastern nightingale?

Alas! no more is heard
Those magic sounds that soothe the soul,
And waft his fame to Nature's goal.

Hail! glorious and immortal shade!
Hail, gentle TANNAHILL!
Thy dust is with thy fathers laid;
But withering time can never fade
Those laurel-wreaths thyself hast made—
Age makes them greener still.
Great Nature, changeless, holds her sway,
But all that's mortal fades away.



THE EXILE'S DREAM.

Once again with heart elated,
I was bounding o'er the sea ;
With my native land before me,
All its friendship and its glee ;
All the scenes which early childhood
Had made sacred to my lyre ;
The fond greetings of a mother,
And the ashes of a sire.

Wide around the waves were dancing
To the music of the wind ;
Still ahead the ship went prancing,
With the fleetness of a hind ;
Her snow-white sails expanded
To embrace the friendly breeze,
While majestic as a conqueror
She went sweeping o'er the seas.

Time on wings of gladness fleeted,
All the storms were left behind ;
And with cheerful hearts and weather
On she rode before the wind :
Oh ! what bright enchanting visions,
To my fancy then appeared ;
'T was sunshine to my withered soul
As Scotland's hills I neared.

Ever Scotland, dearest Scotland,
Shall this heart of mine revere
The glens that cleave thy rocky breast ;
Thy mountains, dark and drear,
Robed in purple-blossomed heather ;
Crowned with everlasting snow ;
Shielded by thy daring thistle
From the might of every foe.

Now I'm landed, and in fancy.
While the tears unbidden start ;
And deep, choking, sighs of gladness
Force a passage from my heart ;
By a mother ag'd and hoary,
I am lock'd in fond embrace ;
Love beaming from her angel eye,
Heaven's smile upon her face.

Oh the raptures of that moment !
Oh the pathos of that hour !
When around one hearth we mingled,
Heaven's bliss our common dower ;
We had long been held asunder
By the iey hand of fate ;
Now in one we were united.
And our hearts were all elate.

Once again, the vision altered :
Bathed in tears I stood alone
O'er the grave where sleeps a father ;
Would to God it were my own.

A dread awe crept o'er my senses,
An eclipse passed o'er the sun,
As shadows of departed days
Came flickering one by one.

Where, oh where, were all those loved ones
Whom in youth I left behind;
Whose deep sighs and tears at parting,
Like a ghost, still haunt my mind?
Like the leaves of blasting autumn
They had withered side by side;
Some were dead, and some were dying,
All were scattered like a tide.

Now the working of my passion,
And the reeling of my brain
Tore my eye-lids from their slumber,
And my fancy from its strain;
Through the curtains of my lattice
Shone the sun's first morning beam;
I was resting on my pillow,
And awake—"T was but a dream.



SIMON CROLY'S ELEGY.

Oh Death ! relentless, harsh and cruel,
Has Nick, at last got seant o' fuel ?
That thus thou send'st us a renewal
 Of grief and dread ;
Ye 've reived New Brunswick of a jewel,—
 Sime Croly 's dead.

Great was his mind, great was his merit,
And great the fame he 'll yet inherit.
A nobler, or mair manly spirit
 Frae earth ne'er fled ;
How can the brewster-bodies bear it,—
 Sime Croly 's dead.

Weel was he bred, weel was he born,
E'en fame yet touts his grandsire's horn.
Still green the laurels did adorn
 His father's head,
But greater far was he we mourn,—
 Sime Croly 's dead.

New Brunswick's sons are clothed in gloom,
Arising from his saered tomb ;
Her daughters blushing in their bloom
 By love are led,
To weep, where low his banes consume,—
 Sime Croly 's dead.

Weel may they pour their mournfu' notes
O'er where his mortal body rots :
Ilk creature clothed in petticoats,
 Black, white, or red,
He loved, as drunkards love their pots,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

He was the couns'lor, pride and patron,
O' mony a heart-sick, lane auld matron,
Wha noo hae nought but Tabby Bautron
 To fill his stead ;
Thrang down their cheeks the tears are patt'rin,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

A better heart ne'er warmed a body,
A blyther, ne'er got drunk wi' toddy,
A truer, ne'er ran for a howdy
 In time o' need,
But noo he's low as ony mowdy,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

Mourn a' ye paint-brush, artist dabbler,
Mourn lang-tongued philosophic gabblers,
Mourn anti-revelation squabblers,
 And shake wi' dread,
The prince o' speculative babblers,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

Deep versed in geologic lore,
He probed its mysteries to the core,
He roamed ilk hill and rocky shore,
 Wi' weary tread,

For fossils, shells, and a' sic store,—
Sime Croly's dead.

Great was his astronomic lear.
He ken'd the planets, pole, and bear !
In chemistry, wha noo shall dare
 To fill his stead ?
Alas ! he's left an empty chair,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

O' surgery, wha had sic a notion ?
Or wha like him prescribe a lotion ?
He'd mix a poultice, or a potion,
 For heart or head,
As grave's a parson at devotion,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

Langsyne he roamed o'er whaling seas,
Without diploma or degrees,
A GALEN, fed on pork and peas
 And mouldy bread ;
Stern want his virtue ne'er could freeze,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

When game was up, like him wha guide
A harpoon to the monster's side,
Or strike the spear till ocean's tide
 With blood grew red ?
He was the whalemen's stay and pride,—
 Sime Croly's dead.

Nae tar, nor soldier, drunk or sober,
Nae butcher bred, nor self-taught jobber,

Nae doctor, quack, nor learned land-lubber,
In college bred,
Like him could cut and carve the blubber,—
Sime Croly's dead.

Old ocean now may growl and grumble,
Its whales unscathed may toss and tumble,
Till a' aroun' be foam and jumble,
Nor fear his greed;
Their langsyne foe's noo cauld and humble,—
Sime Croly's dead.

When mounted on a hobby donkey,
Sae grim his face, his air sae spunky,
His neck sae curved, and wame sae clunk aye,
Sae bald his head,
He seemed some half-singed powder monkey,—
Sime Croly's dead.

His lanely parrot noo may chatter,
And fill the house wi' wailing clatter,
He wha aye mixed its bread and water,
Frae earth has sped;
Stern death the best o' friens will scatter,—
Sime Croly's dead.

Poor Bawsy noo may yowl and yowf,
And seek in vain ilk weel-ken'd howf,
Nought meets him there but gowl and gowf,
And hearts o' lead,
Where erst was heard his merry wowf,—
Sime Croly's dead.

Heart-broken beast ! thy vanished glee,
Thy drooping tail and waefu' e'e,
Bespeak the burning agony
To which thou 'rt wed ;
Death 's left a generous frien' frae thee,—
Sime Croly 's dead.

Let nae mock mourners bear my pall
When borne hence frae this earthly ball,
But grant some kindly, douce jackal,
By friendship led ;
To mourn mine, like my hero's fall,—
Sime Croly 's dead.



E P I T A P H.

Stop, passenger, and view this mound
With aspect melancholy,
Here wisdom lies beneath the ground,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou 'rt a man who pines for fame,
Oh bend thy body lowly ;
Here lies a sage, who did the same,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou 'rt a virgin, pure and fair,
Pass on, nor tread it slowly ;
Beneath this turf lies virtue's snare,
And here lies Simon Croly.

If thou 'rt a saint with soul upright,
Oh breathe a prayer holy,
Here ribaldry lies wrapt in night,
And here lies Simon Croly.

The worms here revel on a heart
That aye was blythe and jolly,
Till pierced by death's relentless dart,
Now here lies Simon Croly.

V E R S E S

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Noo winter is coming pell-mell,
Rampaging, fiercee, bitter and snell,
Wi' cranreuchie frosts,
Snaw and hailstanes in hosts,
Laying desolate mountain and dell.

A' nature is shrouded in gloom—
Glen and grove now are mute as the tomb ;
Whar sangsters in Spring,
Gar'd the sweet echoes ring,
And flowerets were breathing perfume.

The forest is silent and bare ;
Nae lav'rock floats high in the air ;
But river and loch,
Burn, mill-dam and trough,
Ilk fast bound by ice to its lair.

The skaters are rampant wi' joy ;
The curlers, nae care ean annoy,
As they roar roun' the rink,
Gite with pleasure and drink,
In transports withouten alloy.

Sad poortith, a' airts that I sean,
Red nebbit, is chittering and wan,
Scant o' claes, meat, and worse,
Feint a plack in his purse,
Ochone, for the misery o' man !

Alack, for the days that are gane !
But sighing is useless and vain,
Till Spring frae the bush,
Wake the blackbird and thrush,
Then glory auld Nature again.



THIS WARLD O' OURS.

This auld world of ours, ever since it began,
 Come or go on its surface what will,
Never alters its course, but aye true to its plan,
 Unerring goes jogging on still.

Since first our auld sire stuck a spade in its breast,
 His garden to plant and to till,
The sun, aye the same, rises due in the east,
 And the warld unchanged jogs on still.

Moon, planets and stars, aye the same as in yore,
 Continue their stations to fill ;
And our ain wee bit warld, as snug as before,
 With the best o' them joggeth on still.

Let man, its chief tenant, Creation's proud lord,
 Go wrangle and battle his fill ;
Though millions may sink 'neath the cannon and sword.
 Yet the warld, unmoved, will jog still.

Vast empires may rise like the Roman langsyne,
 And a blast may blaw a' down the hill ;
A puff gars the greatest their sceptres resign,
 But the warld the same jogs on still.

Napoleon long struggled midst rapine and gore,
 A whole warld to bend to his will,
But the might of "king Frost" broke his sceptre of
 power,
And our planet aye joggeth on still.

Stately piles may be reared o'er the tombs of the great,
Adorned by the sculptor's rare skill,
But these, like their authors, must bow to stern fate,
While the warld goes jogging on still.

Auld Egypt's grey giants in pride look on high,
And challenge the loftiest hill ;
But they, like auld Babel, shall moulder and die,
And the warld remain jogging still.

The sordid old miser may worship his gold.
The drunkard his bicker may swill,
Alike both shall pass as a tale that is told,
And the warld unchanged will jog still.

Thus earth's brightest glories but live to decay,
Like the flower now in beauty and bloom,
Which, long ere the sun again wakens the day,
Shall have sunk 'midst the wrecks of the tomb.

Then heed not such baubles ! the riches and fame
For which mankind so often have striven.
Are nought, when compared with the virtuous aim,
Of tracing Truth's pathway to heaven.



STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Shot by John Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865.

He's gone, he has gone, to the land of sweet rest.

From the scenes of his triumph and glory ;
He has gone at the call of fate's sternest behest.

His dark tresses matted and gory.

That great heart which throbbed with warm love for
mankind,

Cold and silent in earth now is sleeping ;
Those eyes, once the index of virtue and mind,
Now are dry, while the nation is weeping.

Those ears, once so open when misery wailed,

Now are closed, when the millions are sighing ;
That will, so unbending while treason prevailed,
Now sleeps when the rebels are flying.

He died in his zenith of manhood and fame.

While glories were round him amassing ;
He died, leaving spotless to history his name,
By the hand of a dastard assassin.

O God ! to her soul send of comfort a ray,
Whose torn heart is in loneliness bleeding ;
Who, agonized, clung to his paralyzed clay.
When his spirit from earth was receding.

Be withered the arm which directed that blow ;
That wound, ah ! no science could bind it ;
The Widow's sad tears, and the Nation's deep woe
Roll back on the hearts that designed it.

* Wr
in Eng
Napole

LET HIM COME.*

Let him come, if he dares, let him come,

With his myrmidon hordes o'er the sea,
And we'll meet him, and greet him with trumpet and
drum,

Aye and teach him the might of the free.

The grey mountains of Albion's land,

Or the vales where our forefathers bled,
Will never be trod by a conquering band,

While their sons have a heart's drop to shed.

Let him come from his boasted Saint Cloud.

With numberless hosts in his train;
We fear not, we quail not, we'll give him a shroud
And a grave, but ne'er bend to his chain.

What! a Frenchman, enthroned on that height.

Where VICTORIA'S SCEPTRE is swayed?
No, by heaven! the sun must roll back into night,
Ere thus Britain's bright laurels can fade.

We have bulwarks of fire on the sea.

We have patriot hearts on the shore,
Our land is, and aye will be, the home of the free,
While there's blood in our bosoms to pour.

* Written during the excitement which prevailed some years ago in England, occasioned by the suspicion that the late Emperor Napoleon III. contemplated an invasion of Great Britain.

Then hurrah for our Country and Queen !
Our wives and our children and home !
The proud despot may flaunt through his pantomime
scene.
But across, if he dares, let him come.



ARCHY MCKAY.

"He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men."

I've roamed in the east, and I've roamed in the west
And I've mixed 'mang the cireles by fortune caressed,
But for true honest worth, and a heart that beats high,
Commend me to Killie's bard, ARCHY MCKAY.

His heart, hand and pen, are aye ready I ween,
To help e'en a fae, maist as meikle 's a frien',
Ye may search through braid Scotland, and never descry
A chiel' mair obliging than ARCHY MCKAY.

With pridefu' conceit he ne'er cocks up his nose,
But 's kind and leal-hearted wherever he goes;
A bite for the hungry, a drink for the dry,
Are never a wanting frae ARCHY MCKAY.

A word o' guid counsel he aye has to spare
For the victim oppressed by fell sorrow or care;
And while he breathes comfort, his e'e 's seldom dry;
There's but few folk ye'll meet wi', like ARCHY MCKAY.

'Tis pleasing to see him beside his air ingle,
Whar a' sorts o' bodies in unity mingle,
Priests, lawyers and doctors, are no' the least shy,
About entering the back shop o' ARCHY MCKAY.

Deep, deep is he read, in the beuks o' langsyne.
Baith Homer and Virgil he kens ilka line,

Their faults and their beauties, stand clear to his eye,
For a critical noddle has ARCHY MCKAY.

On history's page he can revel wi' ease,
He cracks like a sage o' the earth and the seas,
And in ilk thing he speaks o', a moral he'll spy,
He's a lang-headed fellow, this ARCHY MCKAY.

The book that he writes about famous auld Killie,
Displays him a talented, auld farren billie,
He cracks in 't sae knacky, sae pithy and sly,
That we laugh aye, and greet too, wi' ARCHY MCKAY.

His lyre's melting tones set the saul a' on flame,
When he sings o' the rapturous pleasures o' hame;
'Mang auld Scotland's bardies there's few that can vie
Wi' this muse-favoured carlie, blythe ARCHY MCKAY.

His doucie auld wifie, as neighbours can tell,
Though no' quite so learn'd, 's just as guid as himself;
This maks a' folks happy, and cheerfu' forbye,
Wha happen to ca' upon ARCHY MCKAY.

Noo fare-ye-weel Archy, but while I hae life,
I'll aye bear in memory baith thee and thy wife;
And if first ye should seek your abode in the sky,
Then I'll greet o'er your ashes, dear ARCHY MCKAY.

VERSES

Most respectfully inscribed to our auld friend and favourite,
the "ROBIN REDBREAST."

Ye're welcome again to our lan' Robin Red,
To cheer baith the e'enin' and dawn, Robin Red,
 Wi' thy sweet plaintive strains,
 While the ance verdant plains
Are hid by the snaw that has fa'en, Robin Red.

O'a' Nature's minstrels, ye're king, Robin Red;
Ane and a', clean and fair, ye can ding, Robin Red;
 When John Frost, the auld loon,
 Spreads red nebs through the town,
To our sauls a sweet solace ye bring, Robin Red.

The blackbird and mavis, ochone, Robin Red,
With the laverock and lintie are gone, Robin Red;
 E'en auld Nature hersel'
 Seems to weep and to wail,
While ye soothe wi' your heart-stirring tone, Robin Red.

Ye're a sodgerly, stout-hearted chield, Robin Red,
Ever valiant in camp or in field, Robin Red;
 Were auld Hornie thy foe,
 Ye wad gie blow for blow,
Aye, and fecht till ye'd fa' ere ye'd yield, Robin Red.

Noo the callants are fidging fu' fain, Robin Red,
In hopes soon to mak' thee their ain, Robin Red;
 Sae beware o' their traps,
 Or wha kens what mishaps
May befa' ere the winter be gane, Robin Red.

In my youth-time—I mind o't fu' weel, Robin Red—
My ain selfish pleasures to seal, Robin Red,
 Wi' a gir and some hair
 I constructed a snare,
Baith thee and thy freedom to steal, Robin Red.

Syne I spread it out snitch after snitch, Robin Red,
On the bank by the side o' a ditch, Robin Red,
 And wi' pleasure I saw,
 Ere five minutes awa,
Ye were up to the houghs in a hitch, Robin Red.

Up I ran wi' the speed o' a hare, Robin Red,
To secur thee, but ere richt aware, Robin Red,
 My taes struck a stump,
 Sae I fell wi' a plump,
O'er the lugs in the ditch clean and fair, Robin Red.

Wi' sair hotching, and heching, and pyne, Robin Red,
I got out, cursing baith thee and thine, Robin Red ;
 Syne wi' cauld shivering frame
 Sought the nearest way hame,
And ne'er gaed a trapping sinsyne, Robin Red.

Here's, may sic like mishaps be his share, Robin Red,
Wha to wrang thee would cruelly dare, Robin Red ;
 And were I a king,
 A' sic scoundrels wad swing
By the heels ae half hour in the air, Robin Red.

Noo, fareweel, and may fortune aye shine, Robin Red,
Upon thee and the hale o' thy line, Robin Red ;
 I thy worth will revere,
 Through each fast-fleeting year,
Till my life's latest breath I resign, Robin Red.

ed—

JOCK WI' THE CRIMSON DICKIE.

Ye may search through the land frae one end till the ither,
'Mang a' sorts o' bodies, 'mang fowls o' a' feather.
And ye'll no' find a kindlier husband or faither
Than Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

A sonsier bird ye'll no' find in the parish.
Sae stately his step, and his plumage so rarish.
A spirit unequalled, so reckless and darish
Is Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

At the head o' the Keeklers he struts trig and sprucely.
Whiles stretching his neck out and erawing fu' erously,
Then stopping, deals roun' his kind favours fu' doucely.
Kind Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

He eidently scrapes baith on turf and on midden,
The hens are aye ready to come at his biddin',
When 'mang them his scrapins are fairly dividden
By Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

He is mild as a priest when engaged at his pickins,
But bauld as an eagle when war his nerve quickens,
Till death he wad fecht for his hens or his chickens,
Brave Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

His spurs are an inch lang and sharp as twa lances,
As rivals a' feel when before them he dances,
Six kicks at the maist, and they're brought to their senses
By Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Guid help the puir fool wha wad dare try to euckol him,
For quickly as thought Jock's sure aye to buckle him,
And winna leave off till completely he knuckle him,
Bauld Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Short syne a young scamp wi' a comb red 's a cherry
Came yont to Jock's quarters and tried to make merry,
But quick o'er the fence he flew off in a flurry
Frae Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Whan he and his wives seek their roost in the e'enig,
'Tis pleasing to see them a' towards him leaning,
And lae kens by a chuck what ilk ane o' them's meaning,
Learn'd Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

Wad men throw their pomp 'midst the mire that they
 trample,
And wisely abide by Jock's honest example,
They'd keep wives and weans baith in meat and claes
 ample,
Like Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

I'll noo drap my sang, sae guid nicht to ye Jockie,
Lang may ye strut on your pins firm as a rockie,
My best wish be wi' you my braw gawcie cockie,
Rare Jock wi' the crimson dickie.

POOR, BUT INDEPENDENT.

Let sland'lers with their pois'nous breath
Exhale contamination ;
Subjecting to a moral death,
Each envied reputation ;
The death-fruits of their hollow hearts,
Short time *may be* ascendant ;
Be truth our shield 'gainst falsehood's darts,
Though poor, we're independent.

Let malice with its gorgon eye,
And vitals of aspersion,
Invent and vend the blasting lie.
Or cut-throats, by inversion ;
Avaunt grim fiend ! thy scorpion sting,
For ill, may be transcendent ;
But time its antidote will bring,
Though poor, we're independent.

Let envy fume 'gainst better men ;
Let treachery point the dagger ;
Let slander seek corruption's den ;
Let malice blust'ring swagger ;
We dare them all ! Their might, combined
With all the fiends attendant,
May wound, but can't *subdue* the mind
Of him that's independent.

*

EPISTLE TO MR. CHARLES FLEMING.

Paisley, 29th October, 1845.

AULD CRONIE.

The day and a' its toils are past,
Loud roars the biting eastern blast,
 Outside, all's dark and dreary ;
The rain keeps rattling on the winnock,
While Meg lies snoring in her hammock,
 As soun's a tap or peerie.

But here I set my weary clay,
Ordained to be the Muse's prey,
 While winds and owls are screaming ;
When hour of twelve the town clock chimes,
Close by the ingle, scribbling rhymes
 To dainty Charlie Fleming.

Lang may ye live, my cantie chiel,
Aye bless'd wi' walth o' milk and meal,
 And free of sad dull care ;
That heaven may send a blythe wee wife,
To cheer the evening of your life,
 Is my devoted prayer.

With her thy days would wing wi' pleasure,
Thy nichts would yield an unken'd treasure,
 While lying side by side ;
Around her lily neck thy arm
To keep aye cozy, snug and warm,
 Thy blythesome, bonny bride.

When cheek to cheek, and lip to lip,
The honey of her mou' ye'd sip
 In transports of delight,
And sigh to leave the hallowed bed
E'en when o'er hill and dale was spread
 The morning's golden light.

And when belyve love's sacred flame
Brought, smiling to thy happy hame,
 A wee bit lass, or laddie,
What on this yirth mair joy could gie
Than when it, prattling on thy knee,
 Would, laughing, call thee—daddy.

Oh ! how that magic sound would dart
A tingling rapture to your heart,
 And thrill through a' thy frame ;
Thy life would hae a richer zest
While clasping to thy throbbing breast
 Thy bairnie or thy dame.

Sae cheer up Charlie, never think
Because ye're noo on forty's brink,
 That lasses winna tent ye ;
But cock thy bonnet, oil thy hair,
Kaim forth thy whiskers, and I'll swear
 Ye'll pass for five-and-twenty.

There's mony lasses trim and neat,
Through thick and thin would share thy fate,
 Till baith grew auld and hoary ;

And when your mortal race was run,
What joy to meet, beyond the sun,
In realms of bliss and glory.

Noo here, my frien', I 'll stop my rhyme,
Sae farweel Charlie for a time,

But trow me, I am fully—
While fit to gar Scotch wordies jingle,
To scratch my pen, or draw a lingle—

Your's truly, RHYMING WILLIE.



EPISTLE TO MR. DONALD ROSS,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.

Saint John, N. B., October 10th, 1863.

Dear Donald Ross, with little loss
 Of time, I got thy letter,
And aft I trou, I read it through,
 And ilk time thocht it better.
With knacky art ye reach my heart;
 Whene'er you preach or jest, man
I feel the same responsive flame
 Aye kindle in my breast, man.

Eh! man alive, yon pleasing drive,
 I think I'll ne'er forget, man;
The hills and lakes, the crags and brakes,
 Still in my heart are set, man.
The usquabae was sweet that day,
 And sae were chuckie's pins, man,
When fu' o' glee we took our tea,
 In Portobello's Inns, man.

Our parting dram, syne out we cam',
 Our kites baith stent and steeve, man,
To mount our ear and dash afar.
 But soon we had to grieve, man.
A sad mishap, the hostler chap—
 The deevil cure his tricks, man—
The shaft had broke through guile or joke,
 Which left us in a fix, man.

Till Neillie Bain, wi' kinch and strain,
And three yards o' a tow, man,
With meikle art tied up the part,
And ended a' the row, man;
Then whip and spur, we aff did whur,
Cheered by thy queerest cracks, man,
Loud laughter rang the hale road 'lang,
Dull care was at our backs, man.

To Halifax I owe a tax
Of gratitude sae rare, man,
That faith I've fears that twenty years,
Wont find me fit to square, man.
It's men sae kythe, it's dames sae blythe,
Sae bonny and sae kin', man,
By a' serene, ilk witching queen
Seems something maist divine, man.

In richest guise it's mansions rise
Like majesty incog, man,
And leaves St. John, ochone, ochone!
Enveloped in a fog, man.
It's martial sons, it's Battery guns,
It's CITADEL and DOCK-YAIRD,
Tell Uncle Sam, without a sham,
That Johnnie Bull's nae Cock-Laird.

Tell Postman Jock, the giesome cock,
When we again forgathei,
By a' that's guid John Barley's bluid
Will moistify our leather;

His *glowing cheeks*, his *tartan breeks*.
 His *bagpipes* and his *dancing*,
 That Friday e'en when frien' met frien',
 Were perfectly entrancing.

Mackenzie too, the leal and true,
 Wha tunes sic sweet strathspeys, man,
 May fortune's smile his hours beguile,
 And cheer his latter days, man.
 I see his form bold as a storm,
 I hear his stirring lilt, man,
 And frank would gie a pint to see
 Him dressed in plaid and kilt, man.

To Jamie Greig I humbly beg
 My best respects ye'll gi'e, man,
 For he's a wicht o' honour bricht,
 And wit beams frae his e'e, man.
 A hearty dose o' Athole brose
 I wish him e'en and morn, man,
 Forby a sang frae Geordie Lang,
 Wha tunes sae weel his horn, man.

Let sordid knaves slink to their graves,
 Mankind will never miss them,
 But kin'ly chaps and social draps
 I ever weel shall wiss them.
 A glass o' strunt and canny lunt
 When kindred hearts forgather,
 Recall to min' blythe auld langsyne,
 When in the land o' heather.

Sae Donald dear, as much I fear
Your patience has run out, man,
I'll drap my sang, but ere I gang,
We'll hae a parting tout, man.
So "here's the land where Bruce's band
Proud Edward's might did shiver ;
The land o' lakes, o' hills and cakes,
Our native land forever."



EPISTLE TO R. KELTIE, Esq.

Saint John, N. B., 27th January, 1864

My dear Mr. Keltie,
I've mounted my sheltie,
To scour the Parnassian green,
To take the fresh air, man,
And seek rhyming ware, man,
For aye I may truly ea' frien'.

How's a' wi' ye Robin ?
Lang may ye keep bobbin'
Your pow to some auld fashioned tune :
Lang tot out and in, man,
The pride of your kin, man,
And credit of this our guid toun.

Does Miss still keep canty ?
And douce honest Aunty ?
And a' things about your fireside ?
For nought mair could cheer, man,
This heart, than to hear, man,
Ye're a' snug and tight, ilka hide.

My lugs up I prickit,
On getting yon ticket,
For which I now gie you my thanks ;
And still shall I min', man,
A nicht sae divine, man,
While able to shuffle my shanks.

The dinner was fine, man,
And sae was the wine, man.
The toddy stiff, reekin' and warm,
The waiters, ilk chiel, man,
His part played sae weel, man,
Ye'd thocht it was done by a charm.

Our worthy auld Chairman,
I hereby declare, man,
Is, has been, and ever will be,
A pride to all Scotsmen,
And pattern to pots-men
On yon and this side of the sea.

And yon cantie Billie,
That cam' frae auld Killie,
Wha sat at the foot of the table,
Made things gae sae screiving,
That raptures maist deaving,
The house shook frae gable to gable.

And yon ither caddie,
The lang-legget laddie,
Wha spak' of the Patriots langsyne;
He gabbit sae glib, man,
Ye'd thocht he was sib, man,
To Peel or some else in his line.

The sangs how they streamed, man,
The wit how it gleamed, man,
Frac the Mayor and Aldermen doon

To the Merchant and Souter
Wha sang of the mouter,
To please Robin Tamson the loon.

The Sherra, Guid bless him
And a' that weel-wiss him ;
He acted his part like a man :
Aye willing and ready,
He kept his course steady,
His goal being harmony's van.

But noo to conclude sir,
Permit me, my good sir,
To pay you the tribute that's due, man,
The thanks o' a bardie
For workin' sae hardie
In honour of Robin the Ploughman.

Let wha will complain sir,
I firmly maintain sir,
To you does the credit belang
Of starting our " Burns Club,"
And if ony mean grub
Denies it, I tell him he's wrang.

Sae noo Robin Keltie,
As my poor wee sheltie
Is sweatin' and sair out o' win',
Thou honest and leal man,
I bid thee fareweel, man,
And drap whip and spurs to the grun'.

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EPISTLE TO MR. WALTER WATSON,

Author of "We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet :"
"Jockie's far awa," &c.

Paisley, November, 1848.

AULD FRIEN'—

Just noo, my auld gutcher, the thocht has come jumpin',
While through my crazed pow yon nine lasses are
stumpin',
To tak frae the bunker my faithfu' auld whistle,
And lilt twa three verses, in form o' epistle,
To ane I'll revere wi' a heart-felt devotion
While hurrieanes runkle the face o' the ocean.
Sae here by the ingle, wi' pen, ink and paper,
Auld cutty weel primed, and the gas for a taper ;
Blythe Meg by my side busy darnin' a stocking,
While wi' her richt foot the bairn's cradle she's rocking ;
Wee Johnnie is snoring asleep in his hammock,
Wi' kite packet fu o' guid aiten meal drummock ;
Mysel' here I sit wi' a heart like a feather,
Though a string o' black prospects, as lang as a tether,
Surround ; ever cheered by the sun o' the future,
I gar a' things dreary remain in the neuter :
A king may be gaudy, be pompous and wealthy,
But than me, nane's mair blythe when the bairnies are
healthy.
I own I'm whiles fashed wi' a wee bit depression,
But that I aye view as a nat'r'al digression ;

Sae seud it awa' as a thing to make jeest o',

And scorn't like a true son o' reekie auld Seestu.*

My worthy auld carlie, this while I've been thinking
 Thy legs micht do waur than to Paisley come linking,
 To pay a frien's visit to me and my kimmer
 Some time, soon or syne, between this and the Simmer.
 I've nae pickled trashtries for strangers to grou at,
 But there's meal in the pock, and guid luck in the eruet;
 We never were rich, but our Maker be thankit,
 We ne'er in the gulf o' adversity sank yet;
 I've twa hands that can work, sae wi' Peggy to tend it.
 Thank Guid! we hae aye made a passable fend yet;
 In my purse there's a saxpence that wears the Queen's
 noddle.

O' whilk ye'se get share o' until the last bodle;
 To boot, a guid bed, in the town there's nane better,
 To rest thy tired shanks, when ye're worn out wi' clatter;
 A bedfellow too, who will join in sleep's solo,
 Weel pleased to be near such a son o' Apollo.

By Sanet Mirren! when ance at the table we're seated,
 By music and frien'ship and whisky elated,
 Should care dare to enter, he'll sink in the licker,
 While we toast his fall o'er a full-flowing bicker.
 The crambo in blauds we will screed to ilk ither,
 O'erjoyed wi' the pleasure o' meeting thegither.
 Blythe Mitchell and Fleming will join in the quorum,
 And dainty McDonald shall lilt Tullochgorum;
 Teetot'lers may gloom, and condemn sic carouses,
 I deem it a tribute we owe to the Muses;

* Paisley.

Drink sherbert wha may, I will ne'er cry a parley,
But nought warms the heart like the bluid o' John Barley.

Though armed wi' stern fury the winter advances,
Though Boreas revels, and icicle glances ;
Though Nature throughout seems baith sighing and
sobbing,
Her minstrels a' mute, save the red-breasted Robin ;
Though flowers are decayed, I regard not the differ,
While firm on their base stand the braes o' Gleniffer,
The whilk, when ye come, be it raining or snavin',
Be it freezing like Iceland, or hurricanes blawing,
We'll visit in honour o' Scotia's sweet sangster—
Tannahill—thy auld frien', and o' poets the bangster.
We'll view Stanley Castle, noo tottering and hoary,
Memento o' auld Caledonia's glory ;
Though gone be its pomp, and its heroes departed,
It still claims our love for the brave and true-hearted,
Who joined heart and hand, in one solemn alliance,
And hurled from its dome to proud Denmark defiance.
O'er the braes, ane and a', clad in storm-coat o' heather,
We'll ramble and scramble wi' hearts like a feather ;
And view ilka neuk that the Poet taks note o'—
The glen wrapt in gloom, and the Craigie-linn grotto ;
Syne roun' wi' a sweep by auld Ellerslie clachan,
Whase yill often sets honest Ellers a laughing ;
Whar close wrapt in honour in majesty wavest
The tree that ance shielded the bauldest and bravest,
When murderous tyrants in fury assailed him,
And Scotland, puir Scotland, disconsolate, wailed him ;
Where stands a lone tower, to which fame aye shall
call us—

The tower that gave birth to our glorious WALLACE.
 Hail, name of my heart, whose true courage undaunted,
 Aft baffled in battle the might Edward vaunted,
 And raised thy loved land from corruption and slavery,
 To honour and might by thy consummate bravery.
 But a knave, foul as hell!—in my soul how I hate him!—
 May vengeance from heaven at doomsday await him!—
 Sold thy life to thy foes—filthy gold was his barter;
 And ye died for our country;—for freedom a martyr.
 The last spot on our chart to which fame points the
 needle,
 Is the birthplace o' WILSON,* forlorn in the Seedle,
 Beside yonder crags o'er which Cartha comes gushing,
 And foams wild as frenzy while downwards it's rushing;
 Clouds of spray seek the sky from the gulf that lies
 under,
 While the mills on ilk side loud re-echo its thunder;
 Meet haunt for the Muses, when rude surly Boreas,
 In hoarse whistling sounds, blends his voice in the chorus.
 Noo, here, honest frien', I shall wind a conclusion,
 As the nicht has grown late, and my brains in confusion;
 Sae farewell, dear Walter; but trou me, while Winter
 Brings death to the hare and delight to the hunter;
 While Spring wakes the glee o' baith youthfu' and hoary;
 While Summer presents nature wrapt up in glory;
 While Autumn undresses baith shrub, bush, and hard-
 oak—

Ye'll live in the heart o' your frien',

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

* Alexander Wilson, the American Ornithologist, and author of "Watty and Meg," &c.

A N S W E R.

Auchinairn, 29th December, 1848.

DEAR WILLIE—

The first steps o' life are sae short and unsteady,
That haste canna trust to its speed—
The han' o' a trustworthy guide maun be ready,
Or down comes the wee body's head ;
But health, flow'ry health, wi' the servicee o' plenty,
Will rax up the boy to the man,
And what he *sould* do at his sweet ane-and-twenty,
He's ready to think that he *can*.
Nae leading, nae watchin', nae telling is wantit ;
The foibles o' age get a smile ;
A body in bloom, an' a spirit undauntit,
He'll dash through a journey in style ;
Whate'er sort o' spirit may rule in his bosom,
Some mystic, magnetical power
Will draw kindred spirits about 'im to sprose 'im.
Let fortune be kedgie or sour.
Ta'en up wi' himsel' an' his spanks, in a frolic,
Owre boggie he splutters at e'en,
Yet, gирн as he may wi' the girds o' the colic,
He winna let on whar he's been.
Though years be required to lead up to the summit
That manhood reviews as its own,
Yet years pressing on will by numbers o'ercome it,
An' time-laden manhood comes down.

Yet back to the side whar the beams o' the morning
 Led mirth to the gowany green,
 He never can harbour the hope o' returning
 To share in the sports he has seen.
 'T is weel if ambition and pride gae amissin',
 Ere frailty be makin' its name,
 For *will* to be foremost is hardly a blessin',
 If *qualification* be gane.
 But nae corner jinkin' nor skulkin' for a' that,
 The sae ordered *how, where, an' when*.
 We never heard tell o' a mortal but twa, that
 Won clear o' the ease at the en'.
 Noo, Willie, I'm sure ye'll be thinkin' 't a wonner
 What a' this palaver's about;
 I've led mysel' in, but as sure 's I'm a sinner,
 I watna weel how to win out.
 I'm auld as a body, and auld as a rhymers,
 Far down the back stile in them baith,
 Sae nee as a trumper, an' eke as a chimer,
 I've whiles to haud still an' tak breath.
 When I had read owre your fu' welcome epistle,
 Invitin' to crambo chit-chat.
 Thinks I, gin I had but as ready a whistle,
 We wadna be lang about that.
 Noo erazie mysel', an' the muse doure an' donner't,
 We might be thocht daft to begin,
 An' yet she sicht up, "Sin we hae been sae honnert,
 Neglect wad be something like sin."
 Aweel, sir, I lippen 't a scent to her backin',
 An' syne we agreeit on the plan,
 O' trying a shift at the simile makin',
 An' yoket the changes o' man.

When young we were glaket an' fain to be muckle,
 An' outance was just a delicht ;
 Syne mouthfu's o' praise, an' a cantie bit chuckle,
 Misfortune ran clean out o' sicht—
 But no unco far, for she winna haud aff us ;
 Fair play ! na, she never heeds that—
 At e'en or daylicht, na, nor sleepin', Gude safus,
 What the deuce wad the kimmer be at ;
 Her mither an' her mak' their game o' the gamesters,
 An' a' witty-acres agree,
 That *Miss* has a pick at the wee silly rhymsters,
 An' sae fins my Musie an' me,
 Yet, when a true brither like kin' Willie Murdoch,
 Takes note o' this cranreuchie pow,
 She'll aiblins priek up her auld lug to the Bardock,
 An' hobble awa as she dow.
 Although in my breast I would fain mak a step to
 Auld Seestu, sic cronies to meet,
 'Tis out o' my power at the time to accept o'
 The pleasures ye spread at my feet.
 But hope's still alive, sae we'll aiblins forgerther,
 An' shake a' thir sorrows adrift—
 My "string o' black prospects, as lang as a tether,"
 May rise like a mist to the lift.
 Good nicht wi' ye, Willie—my kindness to Peggy,
 An' Johnnie, yer bairn, on her knee ;
 Forgetna some nicht, when ye're airin' yer naigie.
 To drap a bit stanza to me,

WATTY WATSON.

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EPISTLE

TO MR. JAMES McLARDIE, GLASGOW.

Paisley, 8th March, 1850.

DEAR JAMIE—

Stern Winter noo has fled awa,
And Spring apace comes prancing;
The joyous flowrets sweetly blaw
Where sunny rays are glancing;
Their sweet perfume, when zephyrs blaw,
Is perfectly entrancing;
The lambkins gay, wi' fleece like snaw,
On hillock taps are dancing,
Wi' joy this day.

Ance mair the sturdy ploughman chiel
Through fertile lawns is gliding;
Ance mair the Redbreast's gane afiel,
And ceased in man confiding;
Ance mair the birds, in glen and shaw,
Their sweetest notes are chiming;
Ance mair my Muse has gi'en a ea'
And set me thrang a rhyming
To thee this day.

Again the whirling wheels of time
Hae brought a towmont fairly,
Since last wi' thee I swappit rhyme
In routhy blauds or sparely;

But noo I vow, before I steek
 My e'en in slumbers dreamy,
 Twa verse, or three, of rhyme to cleek,
 And send them aff to Jamie
 This very day.

Hail, Jamie lad ! quite fidging fain
 I gat thy welcome letter ;
 I read it o'er and o'er again,
 And ilk time thought it better ;
 At times my chaffs were like to crack
 Wi' laughing at thy joking,
 At times my heart, whack after whack,
 Against my breast kept knocking
 Wi' grief that day.

Where learned ye sic a knacky art
 To breathe thy joys and sorrows ?
 How learned ye sae to gar my heart
 Wi' thine, for aye beat chorus ?
 Thy witching strains my bosom warms,
 They're tuned sae smooth and skillie ;
 Come to my heart ! come to my arms !
 Ye're welcome aye to WILLIE
 On ony day.

Sanct Mungo's bairnies use ye weel,
 As lang's ye are amang them ;
 Or may the muckle hornie deil,
 For misdemeanor whang them,
 If ony ill-haired fechting scamps
 Wad dare to harm thy body,

Deil wring their painches wi' the cramps,
 Nor gust their gabs wi' toddy.
 Be 't nicht, or day.

But hear me Jamie, words are win' ;
 'T is actions speak the trusty ;
 Sae if ye 'll meet me some day soon
 Ere time our love makes rusty ;
 I'll shaw you then, a heart that's true,
 And shall be sae forever,
 Till death shall stop my earthly view,
 And saul and body sever
 For aye some day.

Awa ye warldly-minded pack
 Wha idolize your riches ;
 The hearts and sauls of men ye lack,
 Ye worthless miser wretches ;
 Gie me the frien' that's free o' guile,
 Wi' saxpence whiles to sport on —
 Then though I'm overpressed wi' toil,
 I'll snap my thumbs at fortune,
 And sing ilk day.

Kings, dukes and lords, I'll ne'er envy
 Unless my mind much alters ;
 They're just a graceless dronish fry,
 Wham a' should swing in halters ;
 I hae twa hands to work for elink,
 A healthy kite for crowdy,
 A wife wha wears a pleasant blink,
 And cash to pay the howdy,
 Belyve some day.

Here Maggy bids me hand my wheesht.
 Nor hint sic smutty meaning.
 Sac, lest mayhap her tongue gets creesht.
 I'll stop, to save compleening;
 Than Meg, a better wife ne'er blessed
 The hame o' man, I'm thinking;
 But save us a' ! if barley-corn
 Should set my e'en a winking
 On ony day.

Fareweel; my rambling rhyme I'll close,
 As midnicht fast advances;
 My e'en hae noo begun to doze,
 To wink, or see, as chance is;
 But trow me, while I hae a heart,
 The worth o' man to cherish,
 Thy name shall never frae it part,
 Till mind and memory perish,
 For aye some day.



EPITOLE
TO HUGH MCDONALD, ESQUIRE, GLASGOW.
Author of "Rambles round Glasgow," &c.

Published by that gentleman—who is himself represented by Mr. Graysteil—with the following introductory and critical remarks, on May 15th, 1856, in one of a series of articles entitled "*Chronicles of Sanct Mungo's Club*," which were at that time being published in the *Glasgow Times*:

A flowing trio of glasses having been enthusiastically disposed of—enter Waiter.

WAITER.—A letter for Mr. Graysteil with the American post-mark. {*Exit Waiter.*

GRAYSTEIL.—An American letter for me; let me see't. Ou, ay; its frae Willie Murdoch, the hermit o' Partridge Island, aff Saint John, New Brunswick. I ken the hand; and, as I levee, it contains a lang screed o' rhyme. Willie hasna left his Muse ahint him in Paisley, although I'm jelousin' there's a guid bit o' his heart in that auld toon and its gate-ends.

WHINBUSS.—If there's no secrets in the effusion, I would like to hear what the late souter of St. Mary's Lane has thus sent for our gratification "ower the saut sea faem."

GRAYSTEIL.—Secrets! Na, na, there's nae secrets that an honest man michtna hear in the verses o' our trans-Atlantic brither. Sae, rax me my specs, and I'll let ye hear what the poet o' Partridge Island has to say for himself. Noo, attention gents. (Reads):

Partridge Island, St. John, N. B., April 1, 1856.

DEAR HUGIE—

With raptured heart, I daur the deil
To quench the lowe o' love I feel,
While in this lone Columbian beil.

My Muse I set her,
To write my worthy frien' Graysteil
A frien'ly lettèr.

Come on, my Muse, inspire my rhyme ;
Gar ilk a word and sentence chime ;
And aiblins tinge wi' thought sublime,
 Ac verse or mair.

To spread your fame through Scotia's clime,
 As bardie rare.

Here, on a lonely sea-girt Isle,
Whar's searee a tree to graee the soil,
Nor flower at dewy morn to smile
 Wi' fragrant bloom,
Nor singing bird to cheer our toil
 And mental gloom.

'Close seated by the cooking stove,
At hour when ghaists and fairies rove—
The wife and the wee bairns I love
 Deep wrapt in slumbers—
My langsyne faith and truth to prove.
 Pour out my numbers.

Without, the wind is piping loud ;
Death's darkness hill and dale enshroud ;
Nae star is seen aboon the cloud,
 Wi' sparklin' e'e,
And waves come rollin' fierce and proud
 Frae far at sea.

Just noo I hear the breakers roar
Amang the rocks that gird the shore ;
Still Maggie gies the tither snore,
 In sweet repose,
And bairns, responsive, grunt encore
 Through mouth and nose,

Yet a' this elemental strife,
 'Twixt wind and waves, and bairns and wife ;
 This medley droll, wi' discord rife,
 Can ne'er astound :
 For fancy, charged wi' love and life,
 Is hameward bound.

Ye winds, blaw till ye burst your bags ;
 And dash, ye billows, on the crags ;
 Ye drenching rains, come down in dags—
 Ye fire my saul ;
 While Scotia's thistle proudly wags,
 I'll love ye all.

Hail, Scotia, hail ! thy very name
 Lends vigour to my jading theme ;
 Bright land, where first the Muses came
 To cheer my hearth ;
 Land dear to virtue and to fame—
 Birthplace of worth !

Even now fond memory wafts me o'er
 The wide Atlantic Ocean's roar,
 And lands me on thy sea-girt shore
 All wrapt in joy,
 Where erst I roamed in youth and yore
 A wayward boy.

I see thy towering mountains rise
 Snow-crested to the summer skies ;
 I hear a mother's parting sighs,
 Now old and hoar.
 And mark a sister's tear-dewed eyes
 I'll meet no more,

Now o'er my head the birch trees wave,
Which shade that dark, sepulchral cave,
Where virtue pours, o'er fallen brave,

Deep notes of woe ;
I'm bending o'er a father's grave,
Now cold and low.

I heard him heave his latest sigh,
I saw life's lustre leave his eye—
While angels bless'd were hovering nigh
To waft his soul
To realms where pleasures never die,
Beyond the pole.

In fancy, now, what memories fain
Come crowding to my teeming brain ;
What scenes of joy, what scenes of pain
Pass in review !
That erst in Scotland's dear domain
I've wandered through !

Before my mental eye I see
Each loving heart, each laughing e'e
That wont, 'midst youth's wild revelry,
My voice to greet ;
Now sundered by the rolling sea,
Ne'er more to meet.

I see the friends of years mature,
In whose loved ears my soul I'd pour—
McKay, McDonald, Smith and Muir,
McLardy, Yool,
I'll love, while life and sense endure,
With heart and soul !

With these choice hearts, in bygane days,
 I've roamed 'mang Seotia's dells and braes,
 Whar lambkins dance, and maukin plays,
 And burnies sing,
 And feathered minstrels pour their lays
 Till echoes ring.

Now, in this God-forgotten land,
 Upon my lonely Isle I stand,
 And view the far-receding strand
 O' Fundy's Bay,
 Without one object, rich or grand,
 To fire my lay.

O, lack-a-day! my dainty Hugh,
 This country's no' for me nor you—
 A bleak, bare wilderness a' through,
 I dare be sworn,
 Nor laverock springing frae the dew
 To wake the morn.

Nae heather here waves on the knowes.
 Nae gowden broom in beauty grows,
 Nae bearded thistle bauldly rows
 Its tassels free.
 Nor blinkin' gowan decks the howes
 Wi' laughing e'e.

The sheep and kye, on hill and plain,
 Are dwarfish heaps o' skin and bane—
 The pigs alone can fatness gain
 On this damned soil.
 Whar worms can scantly creep their lane
 For lack o' chyle.

For five lang months stern winter reigns
Despotic o'er these wide domains ;
His icy spear makes hills and plains
 His vengeance share,
With lakes and rivers bound by chains
 Fast to their lair.

Soon as December, dark and drear,
Brings Christmas sports and dinners near,
Ere yet auld Scotia's biythe new year
 Is weleomed ben.
His biting winds and snaws appear
 Frae's Norlan' den.

And, Lord, when ance they hae begun,
Drift after drift comes wi' the win',
Till syne when ance their race is run
 And spent their might.
Three feet o' snaw hides mither grun'
 Frac mortal sight.

God pity then, the poor Blue-noses,
Their cheeks like flour, their nebs like roses ;
They puff, they grue, and swallow doses
 To heat their wame,
Till aft when night their business closes,
 They hiccup hame.

And noo, dear Hugh, though far we be
Divided by the raging sea,
O'er this guid cup o' barley bree
 I wish ye weel ;
Let's gie auld Scotland three times three
 Wi' hearty peal.

Sae noo, my worthy frien', Graysteil.
 I'll drap my pen, and say fareweel;
 Remember me to ilka cheil
 I lo'ed langsyne;
 My love for a' within thy beil
 I'll never tine.

PALLETTÉ.—Good, vigorous verses, truly, with a dash of manly sneddom pervaing them, that would have pleased the ear of Burns.

WHINBUSS.—Some of the verses are very happily hit off, and have the sound ring of the genuine metal. Burns himself, the prince of rhyming letter-writers, need not have been ashamed of several passages in the production.

GRAYSTEIL.—Willie never penned a mair masterly effusion than that same epistle. But aye can see that he's quite in earnest here, and that the hame sickness is nae feign'd complaint. Alas! for the exile wha yearns for his native shire, but wha canna return. It is something, however, to hae even in dreams, the privilege o' wingin' aye's way to the beloved land; and wi' the rich imagination that he undoubtedly possesses, our frien' Willie will be often wanderin' by the green braes o' Gleniffer, or lingerin' in pensive solitude by the hoary turrets o' Stanley.

WHINBUSS—*Sings:*

Ae last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a'
 Ae cup—I ask it wi' a tear
 To him, the bard, that's far awa.

A cup to the health and prosperity of Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Murdoch's fireside.

OMNES—To Mr. Murdoch's health and prosperity.

Drunken with all the honours.

GRAYSTEIL—And noo, before we gang—for I maun lift early the nicht—let me sing you a bit sweet little lyrie in the Willie Miller vein, which Mr. Murdoch has also been kind enough to forward to me. I dare say you will both like it as a genuine heart utterance:—

A SONG FOR THE NURSERY.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 Come to mither's knee,
 An' cuddle in her bosie
 Warm wi' love for thee;

Let her kiss your hinney lips,
 Sweet as sweet can be—
 Come awa' my bairnie,
 Come to mither's knee.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 Blythe am I to see
 Ye toddlin' out an' in, pet.
 Gite wi' fun an' glee;
 Racing wi' the kittlin
 Roun' the apple-tree—
 Come awa' my bairnie,
 Come to mither's knee.

My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 The sunshine o' thime e'e.
 Maks licht the mony cares an' toils
 In life I'm doomed to dree.
 The rose that's bloomin' on thy cheek,
 For gowd I wadna gie—
 Come awa, my bairnie,
 Come to mither's knee.

My ain wee tricky bairnie,
 Ye're thrang jinking me.
 Fou' o' life an' innocence,
 As lammie on the lea.
 Noo I've catched thee, wee rogue,
 Sing rock rock-a-ree,
 And cuddle in my bosie,
 Noo, ye're on my knee.

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My bonny, bonny bairnie,
 Come awa' and see
 If fathers's bringing frae the glen
 Bonny flowers to thee.
 There, he's passing through the stile,
 Sing hey daddie-dee,
 Come and gie the bairnie
 A dandle on your knee.

PALLETTE.—A very sweet little lyric indeed, and creditable alike to the fancy and the feelings of the writer. But “the hour approaches Tam maun ride;” so, I've an arm for each of you gentlemen, and here we go. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

* * * * *

GRAYSTEIL.—The lost is ever best beloved; and speaking of that reminds me of some other verses which I have in my pouch, and which I've just received from an auld Paisley friend, Willie Murdoch, who is now a sojourner on the other side of the Atlantic. Willie was a shoemaker in Seestu, but, puir fellow, the world didna gang a' thegither richt wi' him in his native town, and sae he was induced to try his luck ayont the Atlantic's roar. After mony an up and down, he has at length become located on a bit wee island, called Partridge Island, in the Bay of Fundy, off St. John. Here he is engaged in making gas for a lonely lighthouse, who erst made boots and shoes for the guude folk of Paisley. But Willie, although maybe in better circumstances in his present Crusoe-like situation, has still a lang e'e hame, and a love for the scenes and the friends he has left, which distance can never diminish, and

Though seas between us baith may roar,
 I still cherish in my heart of hearts a kindly remembrance of my
 guude auld friend.

TODD.—But what of the verses, Mr. Graysteil?

GRAYSTEIL.—Ou ay; I had amaist forgotten them in thinkin' o' their author. Weel, just fancy Willie sitting on last New Year's Day by his watch tower in the far West, and looking wi' tearfu' e'en ower the braid blue deep, and croonin' to himself the following lines: —

SONG OF AN EXILE.

TUNE—“*The Harp that once through Tara's Hall.*”

O tell na me this is my hame,
 I ne'er can think it sae.

O tell na me this land's my hame,
 It fills my breast wi' wae;
 For though I've been an exile lang,
 Frae friens and native shore,
 The dreams o' youth still bind my heart
 To dear auld Scotland more.

Her dancing rills, and foaming linns,
 Her thistle waving free;
 Her blue-bells deck'd wi' summer's pride,
 Her sang-birds a' in glee;
 The storms that revel 'mang her hills,
 Where mountain torrents roar,
 A' bind my soul wi' magie chains
 To dear auld Scotland more.

Mine is the land o' daring deeds,
 O' valour, truth and love,
 Mine is the land where freedom holds
 Its patent frae above;
 Our fathers bought it wi' their lives,
 And sealed it wi' their gore,
 And, dying, charged their later sons
 To love auld Scotland more.

Aye, mine's the land where Wallace fought,
 In mony a bluidy fiel',
 Oh! I could pour my ain hear's bluid
 For dear auld Scotland's weal;
 Wi' joy I've trod, in langsyne years,
 Her wild, enchanting shore,
 And noo, when bending o'er the grave,
 I love her more and more.

PALLETTE.—A very pretty batch of verses they truly are, and, I doubt not, warm from the heart of the writer.

GRAYSTEIL.—Ye may tak' my word for that. Willie was a sincere lover of his country, of her scenery, and of her songs, of her birds, and of her flowers, and, above all, of her honest men and bonnie lasses. I doubt not that his heart often grows grit, and his e'e becomes dim, as he thinks on the sunny braes of Gleniffer, or wanders in fancy by the windings of his native Cart. Alas, alas! how the auld familiar faces are scattered.

TODD.—I rather like your absent friend's verses, my dear Mr. Graysteil. Has he written much in the poetic line?

GRAYSTEIL.—As much, I daursay, as wad fill a family bible. Amaist his only solace, when working at the shoon, was the crambo clink, and he was continually pouring it forth. Unless an antrin bit to the papers, however, he seldom fash'd the world wi' his musings, but contented himself wi' crooning them to his ain inward ear. He'll hae wealth of time, I'm thinking, to court the Parnassian kimmers at the eerie Partridge Island lighthouse.

WINBUSS.—Has he sent you no other effusion at this time than the little one which you have so pathetically recite'd?

TODD.—No other gem of purest ray serene, from the muses of the western world?

GRAYSTEIL.—O yes; but I'm thinking ye'll agree wi' me, that its mair behaudden to the sang-spirit of Scotland than to that of Partridge Island. You shall hear, however:—

AUNTIE'S WEE DAWTIE, AND UNCLE'S GUID BAIRN.

Was there ever a bairnie since nature begun
 Sae choke fu' o' antics, o' frolic and fun?
 Sae kind and guid natured, sae winning an' douce,
 As the prattlin' wee laddie that cheers our ain house;
 Love beams frae his e'e, and wit sits on his broo,
 Benignity's smile aye encircles his mou',
 Towards him our hearts daily mair and mair yearn,
 For he's auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

He tumbles the chairs, and maks carts o' the stools,
 He chaps wi' the hammers, and digs wi' the shools;
 He rows on the floor wi' the cat and the dog,
 Grips the ane by the tail and the ither the lug;

He chases the hens, and he fechts wi' the cock ;
He rides on the pig, and sits firm as a rock.

Aboon a' ither bairnies he shines like a starn—
He is auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

When I come hame at e'en frae the toils o' the day,
My heart thuds wi' joy as I hear him at play,
And whenever he kens my foot-fa' on the stair,
To the blythe ingle side he draws in the arm chair,
Then patters to meet me, his wee han' he gies,
And leads to the chair he has set for my ease ;
Frae sic wee acts o' kindness I mair and mair learn,
That he's auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

He climbs on my knee, puts his arm roun' my neck,
And lovingly kisses baith mouth, brow, and cheek ;
He pulls at my whiskers, my nose and my ears,
Then flytes on the cat to dispel my fause tears ;
He dances wi' joy when he's riving my locks,
He warms my auld bauchels, and brings me dry socks ;
The heart that could harm him is hard as the airn—
He is auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

Lang may he be spared wi' his anties and glee
To tot out and in atween auntie and me ;
He's the sun o' our system, the rose o' our bower ;
May the dark clouds o' sorrow around him ne'er lower ;
May he aye till the snaws o' auld age hap his pow,
Be guileless and pure as his spirit is now ;
Frae him mony grey-beards a lesson might learn,
Though he's auntie's wee dawtie and uncle's guid bairn.

PALLETTE.—Well done, Willie; a very fair effort in the style of the "Wonderfu' Wearn."

WHINBUSS.—Mr. Murdoch, has not, at all events, lost his Scotch tongue.

GRAYSTEIL.—No, nor his Scottish heart. It'll only be when he's aneath the mools that he'll part wi' either. But "the hour approaches, Tam maun ride."

WHINBUSS.—Before going, gentlemen, allow me to propose a lipping cup to Mr. Graystiel's old friend, the Paisley shoemaker and spinner of verse. Prosperity to him and his in the land to which he has gone.

[OMNES, upstanding, do ample honour to the toast.]

GRAYSTEIL (singing)

Ae last request permit me here,

When yearly ye assemble a'

Ae cup—I ask it with a tear—

To him the bard that's now awa.

But the foot of the iniquitous Mackenzie is already at the door, and sae "gude nicht and joy be wi' you a'!"

[EXEUNT OMNES, singing.]

O, wae be on Forbes, the fause prying loon,
The dread o' gude fellows in country and toon;
In the midst o' our daffin he spoils aye the game,
And gars us untimely gang toddlin' hame.



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MY ISLAND HOME.

Sweet summer now hath shed its bloom
And winter's coming fast ;
The trees their golden robes resume ;
The flowers have breathed their last ;
The autumn winds are piping loud ;
The sea is clothed in foam ;
But warmth and mirth, and life and love
Aye cheer my Island home.

Around my home the sea-birds play,
In graceful whirling flight ;
And eagles seek the realms of day,
Exulting in their might ;
The seaman's song swells on the breeze,
As forth he goes to roam ;
Encircling with a cadence wild
My lovely Island home.

The lord may revel in his halls
Amidst his menial train,
Yet misery still his heart enthrals,
If vice hold fast his rein ;
But happiness expands her wings
Around my humble dome,
For virtue blooms within the walls
Of my dear Island home.

My wife is loving, kind and true ;
 With health my children glow ;
 And health and love, when mutual, crown
 All human bliss below.
 I care not for great wealth or fame—
 They're transient as the foam ;
 Give me domestic truth and love,
 And my dear Island home.

THE AULD MAN'S SANG.

Oh ! happy, happy, were my days,
 In the years o' lang syne ;
 When care sat licht upon my heart,
 And a' life's joys were mine ;
 When youth and love and friendships dear,
 Were blin' to coming ills ;
 When licht o' foot and lithe o' limb,
 I roamed my native hills.

The wimplin burn, the birken shaw,
 The sylvan, fairy glen ;
 The moorland eot, the castle hoar,
 The spunkie haunted fen ;
 Wi' memory's e'e I see them yet,
 While grief my bosom fills ;
 For gane's my youthful dream o' bliss,
 And gane my native hills.

My wife—noo mouldering 'neath the mools—
 Was loving, leal, and fain ;
 My gallant son in battle fell
 Beyond the raging main ;

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My daughter—tender as the tear
An angel's e'e distils—
Now sleeps upon her mother's breast,
Far frae her native hills.

I'm noo a puir, time-stricken man,
My locks are thin and gray ;
My head 's sair bending to the grave,
My heart is sunk in wae ;
My legs are frail, my e'en are dim,
The frost my auld bluid chills,
While lanely here I beg for bread,
Far frae my native hills.

O Scotland, dear ! my native lan'.
Still through the mist o' years,
I see thy bonny, heathery knowes,
And greet them wi' my tears ;
A foreign grave may be my share—
But come what Heaven wills.
My latest sigh, my latest prayer,
Shall be for Scotland's hills !

AULD AUNTY NANNY.

TUNE—"Banks of the Dee."

Noo dead and awa is our auld Aunty Nanny,
Wha ance was sae couthy, sae canty, and fain ;
Her failings were few, and her virtues were many,
But noo she has left our auld Uncle alone ;

He's left, clothed in eild, the doomed victim of sorrow,
 Tears seal up his day, and despair wakes his morrow,
 His past seems a dream, and nae hope can he borrow,
 The future's sae clouded wi' grief, gloom and pain.

Noo lanely and auld, poor, heartsick and uncheery,
 Deep, deep are his sighs, baith afiel and at hame ;
 Cauld, cauld is his hearth, when he toddles hame weary,
 Nae smile greets his entrance, nae voice breathes his
 name ;
 Langsyne when he came frae his toils in the e'enin'.
 A' jaded and worn, sairly doilt and compleenin',
 She cooter'd him sae wi' warm flannels and linен.
 As quickly refreshen'd his weary-worn frame.

Her John was her a' thing, her earth's dearest treasure ;
 Without him she hadn'a thought for hersel' ;
 To see him a' richt was the sum o' her pleasure
 His smile was her heaven, his frown was her hell.
 His arm-chair was set by the side o' the ingle.
 Where blithely ilk e'enin their converse did mingle,
 But noo our auld Uncle's heart-broken and single,
 Since death's ta'en our kindly auld Aunt to himself.

A warm-hearted body was auld Aunty Nanny,
 As a' folks shall own that e'er saw her at hame ;
 Her house aye sae clean, and hersel' cosh an' canny,
 Bespoke her the housewife and guid natured dame ;
 The beggars a' kent her for miles roun' her dwelling,
 Her aumus, their meal-pocks was constantly swelling—
 Noo tears dew their e'en while they're waefully telling
 The virtues o' her wha is deaf to their fame.

She is gane to her rest noo, our auld Aunty Nanny,
 But fresh as Spring's blossoms her memory remains ;
 We lo'ed her langsyne, when she lived wi' our granny,
 And manhood but strengthens our feelings when weans.
 Nae stane marks the spot where her ashes are sleeping,
 But round it the angels their vigils are keeping,
 And dew'd are the flowers by the tears love is weeping,
 O'er her that 'midst glory in heaven now reigns.

DOCTOR MAGEE.

TUNE. "Widow Macree."

My heart it is broken, and never will mend.
 O ! dear Doctor Magee,
 For death has just throttled my very best friend—
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee ;
 He was borne to his tomb
 Amidst sorrow and gloom,
 And his neat carpet room
 Is now woeful to me ;
 E'en the pig in the sty,
 Wears a tear in its eye.
 For dear, dear Doctor Magee.

The mugs and the bottles he loved so to deck.
 O ! dear Doctor Magee :
 With his drugs and his potions, are going to wreck,
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee,
 All his lances and saws.

His nick-nacks and gew-gaws,
 Like an onion each draws
 The big tear to my e'e;
 And the goose, though half blind,
 Brings him aye to my mind,
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

Had he died of the cholera, fever, or pox,
 O ! dear Doctor Magee;
 I would not, just now, have been tearing my locks
 For dear, dear Doctor Magee;
 But my heart, O be still !
 The great cause of his ill
 Was—he swallowed a pill
 Of his own cookery !
 And now he is dead.
 And the turf's o'er his head,
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

"THERE'S A DUB BEFORE THE DOOR."

In my sojourn through this world
 I have aft been struck, I wot,
 How a' bodies I hae met wi'
 Are unhappy in their lot.
 Be they e'er so stout and healthy—
 Though their cup be rinnin' o'er—
 Much the same 'mang poor and wealthy :
 .. There's a dub before the door."

Frae the king down till the cadger,
Frae the palace till the cot;
Holy priest and subtle lawyer.
Moral sage and drunken sot,
Wiggèd judge and trembling felon
Doomed to cross the ocean's roar—
A' join the lamentation:
“There's a dub before the door.”

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Ask the soldier clothed in glory,
Ask the hermit in his cot,
Ask the scaman on the billow,
Or the landsman o'er his pot;
Ask the shepherd on the mountain,
Or the sportsman on the moor,
And the answer's still unaltered:
“There's a dub before the door.”

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Earth's pleasure's ne'er bring happiness;
True piety's the moat
That guards this mortal citadel
'Gainst sin's polluting rot;
Since the days when ancient Adam
Steep'd his soul in Satan's lore,
TRUTH, VIRTUE, LOVE, alone can fill
“The dub before the door.”

HONEST WORTH.

Honest worth ! a health to thee,
Maks na' what thy guise may be ;
Clad in ermine, or in rags ;
Armed with meal or money bags ;
Born to low or lofty station ;
Ruling alms-house or a nation ;
Honest worth ! where'er ye be,
Here's a hearty health to thee.

Scoundrels may be rich and great ;
Honest men may rule a State ;
Truth and candour crown a lawyer ;
Honour gild a drunken sawyer ;
Truthful zeal may grace a preacher,
Zealous truth live in a fleetcher :
Worth ! where'er thy home may be,
Here's a hearty health to thee.

See yon fop in fashion's cleeding,
Void of honour, sense or breeding,
Showing airs would graee a Frenchman ;
Acting deeds would shame a henchman ;
Bending low to massy purses ;
Answering honest toil with curses ;
Sterling worth, where'er ye be,
Here's a hearty health to thee.

See this lowly man, whose clothing
Fills that brainless fop with loathing ;

Armed with sense of moral merit,
 How he musters up his spirit,
 And through shades of modest blateness,
 Dares to scan the front of greatness ;
 God-like worth ! where'er ye be,
 Here's a hearty health to thee.

In my hand the glass is brimming ;
 Love and hate my mind are skimming ;
 Hate, against the pride of station ;
 Love, for worth throughout creation :
Vice is *vice*, in king or cadger ;
Virtue's *virtue*, in a gauger :
 Worth ! whate'er thy rank may be,
 Here's eternal health to thee.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANT.

TUNE—"Brose and Butter."

Come hearties, a bumper let's drain,
 And pledge the downfa' of hame sickness ;
 We've gallantly rode o'er the main,
 Then why should we sink ~~wreath~~ such **weakness** ?
 What though of our kindred bereft,
 A truce to nonsensical grieving ;
 So here's to the land we have left,
 And here's to the land that we leeve in.
 Though fortune has kiekt us from home,
 Why should we our spirits be tining ;
 A man who is given to roam
 Should never give place to repining ;

But box through the crowd stout and deft,
 And sing while grim fortune he's reiving,
 There's luck in the land we have left,
 And luck in the land that we leave in.

Then why should we murmur or fret?
 There's wealth yet in store for the winning;
 The only deue'd thing is to get
 A trifle to make a beginning.
 Let each take his axe by the heft,
 And chaunt while the forest he's cleaving;
 There's toil in the land we have left,
 And toil in the land that we leave in.

The earth would soon go to the dogs
 Were all its inhabitants gentry;
 For who then would drain off the bogs,
 Or provide for the wants of the pantry?
 So here's to the plough, warp and weft,
 And here's to the spinning and weaving.
 God bless the auld land we have left,
 And God bless the new land that we leave in.

We all love the land of our birth,
 Auld nature hersel' prompts the feeling,
 But this and it share the same earth,
 And both round the same sun are wheeling;
 Her hills by dark ravines are cleft;
 The songs of her cascades are deaving;
 There's mist in the land we have left,
 And fog in the land that we leave in.

Wherever on earth I have been,
On yon or this side of the Ocean,
I've aye had the luck of a frien'
I could love with a heartfelt devotion.
No land of all virtue is reft.
No matter how much gi'en to thieving;
Guid hearts gem the land we have left.
And guid hearts gem the land that we leave in.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

TRUE. — "*Song of Death.*"

Awake from your slumbers, brave sons of our Isle,
Nor longer in fetters remain:
Shall the spirit of freedom benignantly smile
O'er the land of a Wallace in vain?
Shall liberty's trumpet through Europe resound,
While her banner triumphantly waves?
Shall we, unresisting, be nailed to the ground
By the shackles of tyrants and knaves?

Shall scoundrels still trample our rights in the earth,
And we make no effort to save?
Or shall freedom be hailed in all lands for its worth,
But in Britain, alas! find a grave?
No! I swear by the shades of the heroes of yore,
Who with battle-axe, buckler and glaive,
Dyed their heather-clad mountains and vales with the
gore
Of all foes who'd their country enslave,

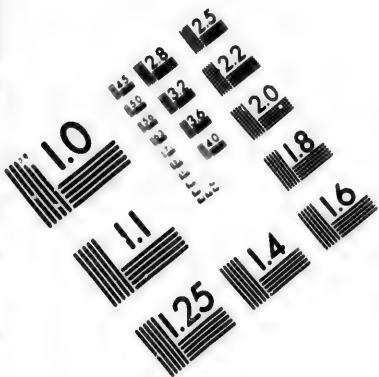
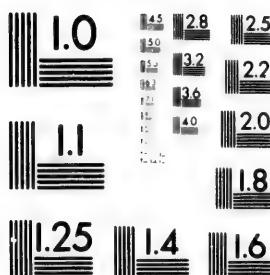
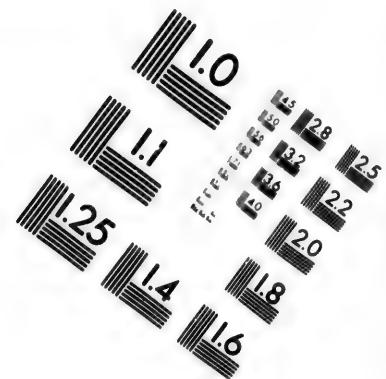
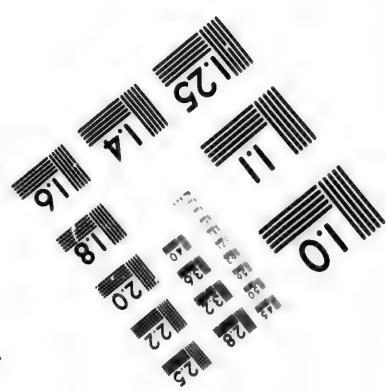


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



6"



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By their blood ! by their name ! by the wrongs we endure !
 By the smile which kind heaven bestows !
 We will yet live unfettered, exalted though poor,
 Or expire 'neath the blade of our foes :
 Then arise ! do your duty, brave sons of the North !
 Win liberty's field or a grave :
 O God of our sires ! send thy thunderbolts forth
 To shatter the chains of the slave !

SONG .

TUNE—“ *Last May a braw wooer.* ”

In a cozy wee house by the side o' yon wud
 Whar the burnie rins wimplin' fu' clearly ;
 Blooms Jeanie as pure as the lily in bud,
 And O but this heart lo'es her dearly, her dearly,
 And O but this heart lo'es her dearly.

Her cheeks like twa apples are rosy and roun' ;
 Her e'en—heaven beams in their glances ;
 Her bonny white brow and her tresses o' brown
 Like magic this bosom entrances, entrances,
 Like magic this bosom entrances.

Her form is complete frae the tap till the tae ;
 Her air, for a Queen ye would tak' her ;
 She 's blythe as the lamb on the green sunny brae ;
 And modest as nature could mak' her, could mak' her,
 And modest as nature could mak' her.

The laverock that mounts through the mist o' the morn
To wauken the sun frae his slumbers ;
Or the lintie that chaunts on the white-blossomed thorn
Wi' her canna vie in their numbers, their numbers,
Wi' her canna vie in their numbers.

Wad heaven but mak' this young lassie my ain,
Till death, naething else wad us sever,
I'd kiss her, caress her, and daut her fu' fain,
Protect and support her forever, forever.
Protect and support her forever.

Ye starns wha inhabit the regions aboon,
Thou moon now resplendent in glory ;
Bear record, I vow, if I'm granted this boon,
I'll love her till baith hae grown hoary, grown hoary,
I'll love her till baith hae grown hoary.

O 'TIS BLYTHE IN BONNY JUNE.

O 'tis blythe in bonny June,
When the birds are a' in tune,
To leave the busy bustling toun,
When the dawn begins to smile,
And, with soul elate and free,
Track the busy humming bee
To the daisy-speckled lea,
There to rove for awhile.

*

There the am'rous laverock springs
Frac the earth wi' dewy wings,
And, soaring, sweetly sings,
 Till echo floats around ;
There fresh streams o' music gush
Frae the merly-breasted thrush,
And the blackbird in the bush
 Gars the woodlands resound.

There the lammies frisking gay,
Beside their mammies play,
Cheered by the sun's bright ray
 As he journeys to the west ;
And the flow'rets blinkin' sweet,
Shed their fragrance at our feet,
Till our hearts wi' rapture beat
 Double time in the breast.

O there, as gloaming grey
Comes creepin' down the brae,
Merry lads and lasses stray
 'Neath the moon's siller beam ;
And by love's sweet impulse swayed,
Aft adown by yonder glade,
Richt pensively I've strayed,
 O' my lassie to dream.

Doun the hcwe, beside yon rill
That comes todlin' frae the hill,
Aft I've sat and sighed my fill,
 Bonny Peggy by my side ;

And while love distilled a tear,
Breathed my soul into her ear,
And, in raptures most sincere,
Clasped my heart's dearest pride.

OF A' THE LADS E'ER SCOTLAND SAW.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

Of a' the lads e'er Scotland saw
Since first her hills were clad wi' snaw,
Nane e'er Apollo's pipe could blaw
 Like canty ploughman Robin.
His master mind was aye at hame.
Whate'er the spirit o' his theme,
Be't gentle love, or war's red flame,
A' cam' alike to Robin.

Then let us cheer his honoured name,
Sae dear to Scotland and to fame,
And on our feet, wi' loud acclaim,
Cry, "Hip, hurrah for Robin!"

He gar'd ilk Scot his bonnet raise,
Sae loud he sang in Scotland's praise—
Rocks, dingles, glens and heath-clad braes
 Rang wi' the strains o' Robin.
Ilk hill that cocks its neb on high.
He viewed wi' true poetic eye,
And sang till echo, in reply,
Rebounded back to Robin.
Then let us cheer, &c.

He loved, when gloamin' on wad steal,
 To muse on Scotland's wae and weal;
 But O ! her lassocks, fair and leal,
 Entranced the heart o' Robin.
 He sang in strains that warmed the saul,
 O' langsyne heroes, stout and baul',
 Wha sternly strove, frae foreign thrall,
 To save the land o' Robin.
 Then let us cheer, &c.

Earth couldna bind his Muse's micht,
 Sae, through the cluds he took a flicht,
 And revelled 'mang the stars o' nicht—
 A comet muse had Robin ;
 And while aboon he shone sae clear,
 That a' the planets o' our sphere
 Stood still, and kentna how to steer.
 A second sun seemed Robin.
 Then let us cheer, &c.

He dived to ocean's deepest cove,
 And rode upon its wildest wave ;
 Nae power could mar him, till the grave
 Received the banes o' Robin.
 And noo our thistle hings its head,
 Dark gloom o'erspreads baith hill and mead,
 For silence grasps the Scottish reed
 Sae afthen tuned by Robin.

But still we'll cheer his honoured name,
 Sae dear to Scotland and to fame,
 And on our feet, wi' loud acclaim,
 Cry, " Hip, hurrah for Robin ! "

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOO.

The chorus and first stanza of this song are as old as the time of the Reformation, and appeared in Herd's Collection. To the original fragment, four stanzas have been added by William Murdoch, of Paisley, and are printed here for the first time.

ED. MILLER'S NEW BRITISH SONGSTER.

"John, come kiss me noo, noo, noo,
O John, come kiss me noo,
John, come kiss me bye and bye,
And mak' nae mair ado.

"Some will court and compliment,
And mak' a great ado.
Some will mak' o' their guidman,
And sae will I o' you."

Noo twa score years we 've married been,
And ne'er had cause to rue ;
Yestreen ye said ye lo'e me yet,
And so say I to you.

Though auld and gray ye 've grown, guidman,
Though bald aboon the brow,
My earthly joys, my life itsel'
Are centred John in you

Fu' mony hardships we ha'e borne
Sin' first ye cam' to woo,
But fortune's frowns aye fled awa'
Before the smile o' you.

And noo when hirslin' doun the brae,
 The grave amait in view,
 I nichtly to our Maker pray
 To tak' me John wi' you.

THE DIGGING O'T.

TUNE—“*The rock and wee pickle tow.*”

When nature first gifted existence to man,
 She gied him the land for the diggin o't;
 Nae mention was made in the primary plan,
 For rascals to live by the whiggin o't;
 But ilk ane was doomed by the sweat o' his brow,
 To earn ilka bannock that gusted his mou',
 To labour the grun baith with harrow an' plough,
 An' to hae a bit house for the biggin o't.

But waesock! sic happiness couldna endure,
 Sae prone were mankind to the sinnin' o't,
 That the whole blessed system was crushed in the stoure
 By scoundrels just at the beginnin' o't,
 Wha blessed wi' stout arms an' the spirits o' deils,
 Vowed nature had doomed them the lords o' the fiels,
 Thus, might against right fairly cowpet the creels,
 An' has lorded it since the beginnin' o't,

Nae word then o' lands being ruled by a few
 Wha revelled, but ne'er tried the tillage o't;
 Nae word then o' kings, either Gentile or Jew,
 Ransacking the earth for the pillage o't;

Then mankind were brithers an' a' things wrought weel,
Few were their desires, an' few wants did they feel,
But kings, priests an' nobles soon sent to the deil,
Ilk city, town, hamlet an' village o't.

The priests, foul-be-fa' them that e'er they had birth
To pester us sae wi' their cantin' o't;
Vile scourges o' man an' curst locusts o' earth,
Our meal-poek they've ever been seantin' o't;
A king an' his nobles, wi' tyranny fell,
May plunder their subjects to pamper themsel',
But the priest without mercy consigns us to hell
If we breathe but ae word 'gainst sic rantin' o't.

O Guid speed the time when a' mankind shall learn
To toast their downfa' o'er a brimmer o't;
Pack them aff to New Zealand, man, woman an' bairn,
An' set them to cut down the timmer o't;
Then freedom triumphant in transports shall reel,
Then plenty shall smile o'er the lowliest beil,
An' reason an' knowledge, sae lang held afiel,
Shall enjoy then a glorious simmer o't.

LOVELY ISABELLA.

Sad's my heart since we must sever,
 Lovely Isabella;
Sad's my heart since we must sever,
 Fairest Isabella;
Sad's my heart since we must sever,

Part our wedded souls forever,
More to meet, ah ! never, never,
Dearest Isabella.

Ne'er again while luna's shining,
Lovely Isabella ;
Ne'er again while luna's shining,
Fairest Isabella ;
Ne'er again while luna's shining
Rapt we'll roam when day's declining,
Love our hearts round ither twining,
Dearest Isabella.

Henceforth doomed a hapless ranger,
Lovely Isabella ;
Henceforth doomed a hapless ranger,
Fairest Isabella ;
Henceforth doomed a hapless ranger,
Far from thee 'midst toils and danger,
Every where a lonely stranger,
Dearest Isabella.

But when far from thee I'm roaming,
Lovely Isabella ;
But when far from thee I'm roaming,
Fairest Isabella ;
But when far from thee I'm roaming,
Still I'll love, 'midst ocean's foaming,
Lightning's flash, and thunder's booming,
Dearest Isabella.

And should fate her mandate alter,
 Lovely Isabella ;
 And should fate her mandate alter,
 Fairest Isabella ;
 Should stern fate her mandate alter,
 And thy cruel parents falter,
 Then I'll clasp at Hymen's altar,
 Dearest Isabella.

MARY PERRY.

TUNE—"My Nanny O."

'T is sweet to see the simmer's sun,
 Awaken warm and rosy O ;
 'T is sweet to see the flowers o' June
 A' gathered in a posie O ;
 'T is sweet to hear the birds o' Spring
 A' liltin' blythe and merry O,
 But sweeter far's the sparkling e'e
 O' douce wee Mary Perry O.

Serenely calm her snaw-white broo,
 Her hair is fair and sunny O ;
 The tempting witchery o' her mou'
 Has reived the hearts o' mony O.
 Her dewy lips are ripe and red,
 And luscious as the cherry O ;
 It dings me gite to hear or see
 That fairy Mary Perry O.

Her modest gait, wha wadna' lo'e ?
 Sae free frae pride's grimaces O ;
 Her heart to love, and friendship true,
 Charms mair than a' her graces O.
 Were she a maid, and I a lad,
 Her health I'd pledge in sherry O,
 And brave the rudest wintry storm
 To meet sweet Mary Perry O.

How blest is he wha hands her han'.
 His love should never weary O ;
 This warld's gear is empty gain,
 Compared wi' sic a dearie O.
 Ye powers, wha wing the shafts o' love,
 To put men in a flurry O,
 Aye guard frae scaith, the heart and hame
 O' guid wee Mary Perry O.

PADDY AND THE PRIEST.

TUNE—"The Night before Larry was stretched."

I'm the son of one Barney McFig,
 Who lived in the sweet town of Cork, sir,
 He owned a she goat and a pig,
 And he worked at the curing of pork, sir.
 My mother was Biddy O'Morn,
 The grand-child of Paddy O'Brine, sir,
 Who died ere her father was born,
 And I am the last of her line, sir.
 Och ! peace to her sowl night and day.

I was reared on my grandfather's farm,
Rightly stuck in the midst of a bog, sir,
Amidst poultry and pigs quite a swarm.
Where I first learnt the blarney and brogue, sir.
I soon learned to handle the spade,
To work with the hoe and the rake, sir,
To swing a black-thorn round my head.
And fight both at fair and at wake, sir.
Success to ould Ireland for aye.

Then I went to ould Father O'Flinn,
To be taught in the rules of the Church, sir,
But instead o' faith I learned to love gin,
And was treated to penance and birch, sir.
Ould Flinn, how he squall'd out his ire,
When I damn'd both the saints and the cowls, sir,
He tould me that hell was a fire,
Where the devil fried heretics' sowls, sir,
Then bade me go leave him to pray.

To his riv'rince I made a low bow.
And then gave my shoulders a shrug, sir.
"Dear father," said I, "ere I go,
"I would like a small taste from that jug, sir."
"Ye heathen," cried he, with a frown:
"Arrah, father," said I, "what's the matter?"
"The matter!" said he, "ye gossoon,
"Would ye dare soil the Virgin's pure water?
"Sweet Mother, forgive him, I pray."
"Holy father," said I, "don't get cross,
"But I think you have made a mistake, sir,

"For I'm tould by the scent of my nose,
"That's the water most used at a wake, sir."
He seized his black-thorn firm and tight,
And bawled out "What is it you mean, sir?"
"O, nothing," said I, with delight,
"But I thought the jug filled with potheen, sir,
"And asked for a drop without pay."

He threw down his silver-crossed sprig,
And laughed till ye'd thought he would die, sir,
Then tossed off his ould musty wig,
And tipped me a wink with his eye, sir.
"Faith, Jerry," said he, "as a wag,
"The devil must own ye're a switcher.
"But I fear there's some dust in your crag;"
"Dear father," said I, "bring the pitcher,
"I wish now to wash it away."

We sat till the beams of the day,
Were streaking with yellow the sky, sir,
When he got quite zealous to pray,
And I got quite blind of an eye, sir.
We drank till we fell to the ground,
And as both to get up were unable,
When I woke in the morning I found
Flinn hugging the pig 'neath the table,
And swearing to love it for aye.

KIRSTY LASS.

TUNE - "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Dear Kirsty lass, if ye 'll consent
To let Mess John our sauls cement,
I 'll wad a groat ye 'll ne'er repent
 Your marriage wi' the weaver.
I hae nae riches at my ca'
To deck ye aff wi' muslins braw,
But here 's a heart that 's worth them a'
 Although I 'm but a weaver.

By thy red cheek and sparkling e'e,
Thy glossy hair and bonny bree.
I swear I 'll ever constant be,
 If ye 'll but tak' the weaver.
Thy modest gait and form genteel
Hae pierced my heart like pointed steel ;
Tak' pity on an honest chiel,
 And wed him, though a weaver.

If ye 'll consent to be my ain,
When ance we 're linked by wedlock's chain.
I 'll kiss and daut thee, O how fain
 Will be thy humble weaver.
Though poor in gear, yet rich in love,
And blessed wi' health, through life we 'll move,
And if I ever fickle prove
 Dool fa' thy faithless weaver.

TIBBIE.

TUNE—"Wood an' Married an' a'."

Gae ring a' the bells in the parish,
Frae ear' in the morning till noon,
For Tibbie is noo getting married
To Glaud o' the neist borough toun ;
Last Sunday at Kirk when I heard it,
I thocht wi' surprise I wad fa'en,
And the text that aye ran in my noddle,
Was Tibbie is getting a man.
To kiss and cuddle an' a',
Cuddle and kiss an' a',
Glaud's getting a braw, plump young lassie,
To kiss and cuddle an' a'.

There wasna' a tont like our Tibbie,
Between the twa en's o' the lane,
Her blue e'en and plump cheeks sae ruddy,
Filled mony a chiel's heart wi' pain ;
The lads cam' in dizzens to woo her,
But a' their entreaties were vain,
For ever since Glaud swore to lo'e her
She treated the lave wi' disdain.
Kiss and cuddle an' a'.
Cuddle and kiss an' a',
Glaud's getting the tont o' the parish
To kiss and cuddle an' a'.

Neist Friday's the day that's appointed
For waiting on Reverend Mess John,
To get the twa youngsters united,
In spirit, in flesh, bluid and bone ;
Sine hame in a noddie we'll rattle,
As fast as the horses can rin ;
And the chiel wha that nicht dares be dowie,
We'll douk him three times in the Linn.
Kiss and cuddle an' a',
Cuddle and kiss an' a',
A health to the chiel wha invented
Sweet kissing and cuddlin' an' a'.

Belyve when we get our kites packet,
Wi' haggis, and ilka thing guid,
Roun the table we'll sit blythe and happy,
Inspired wi' John Barleycorn's bluid ;
Wi' fiddling and dancing and singing,
Our spirits we winna let sink ;
And if grawsome auld care dare to enter,
We'll seaud him wi' reeking Scotch drink.
Kiss and cuddle an' a'.
Cuddle and kiss ar' a'.
The pleasures o' kissing and cuddling,
Bachelors never can knew.

Thus blythely the nicht will gae scrieving,
Till Barleycorn fleyd for his fame,
Sends wee "Willie Winkie" to tell us,
'T is time we were a' stepping hame ;

And when they are baith snugly beddit.
 With pleasure we'll empty a can,
 Wishing Glaud meikle luck wi' his wifie.
 And Tibbie much joy wi' her man.
 Kiss and cuddle an' a',
 Cuddle and kiss an' a',
 Nought earthly can yield siccan pleasure,
 As kissing and cuddling an' a'.

Success noo to Glaud and to Tibbie.
 May poortith ne'er enter their door ;
 But live snug and happy thegither.
 Till up at the verge o' four-score ;
 And when death, that heart-breaking auld carlie,
 Has nicket their threads like the lave,
 May bairns wi' the tears of remembrance.
 Aft water the flowers on their grave.
 Groaning and sighing an' a',
 Sighing and groaning an' a',
 And raise a bit stane o'er their ashes
 The place o' their slumber to shaw.

TO ARMS. O MY COUNTRY TO ARMS.

Once more is the flag of old Britain unfurled.
 And flauntingly kisses the wind ;
 Her foe is a despot, the scourge of the world.
 Her cause is the rights of mankind ;
 Her bugle is sounding, her sword is unsheathed.
 Her cannon the tyrant alarms ;
 O who'd lag behind in such glorious strife.
 To arms ! O my country to arms !

Side by side we now fight with the valorous Gaul,
Who for ages contested our might ;
Now joined, heart and hand, every despot must fall,
Who dares to presume on our right.
We have long war'd in error, now equity's laws
Each British and Gaulie heart warms ;
The Godhead is smiling assent on our cause,
To arms ! O my country to arms !

On Alma's proud heights did your victor swords gleam ;
Fierce Inkerman blazons your name ;
Balaklava and Britain together shall beam.
In the annals of history and fame.
Tcherneyah's still red with the fruits of your zeal,
Your valour humanity charms,
Sebastopol's ashes are spread to the wind,
To arms ! O my country to arms !

Brave Gauls, ye are sons of the heroes who trod
Victorious through Europe in yore ;
Your ancestors fought for the hill of our God,
And dyed it with Infidel gore ;
Then haste to the onset, fame follows your path,
Your Eagle the despot disarms ;
Moscow be your war-cry, and victory or death,
To arms ! bravest Gauls, then to arms !

And Britain, though far from thy mountains I roam,
Though an exile 'mong strangers I pine,
Thou still art my country, thou still art my home,
And thy welfare shall ever be mine ;

May the LILY, ROSE, THISTLE, and SHAMROCK, long
twine
Their laurels, 'midst war's dread alarms,
May friendship and love reign in every line,
To arms, GAUL and BRITON, to arms.

ISABELLA,

O! 't is pleasing, O! 't is charming,
When the insect tribes are swarmin';
At the hour when lovely Phœbus
Leaves in shade the hills and meadows,
Fanned by zephyr breathing mellow,
Forth to roam with Isabella.

Soar proud laverock to the azure,
Merle and thrush your music measure,
Smile ye flowers with night dews dreeping,
As from glen and glade ye're peeping,
But in nature nought ean fellow
My life, my soul, my Isabella.

Haste on, Time, and do not tarry,
Bring the nights both clear and starry,
Bring the time when blythe careering,
Reapers throng to join the shearing,
Then, for life, when leaves are yellow,
I'll clasp my angel Isabella.

ck, long

DEAR KATE.

Go boast of your beauties in circles of fashion,
Arrayed in the grandeur of state ;
But give me, thou Goddess of love's holy passion,
The heart and the hand of dear Kate.

Her bright sparkling eyes pierce my soul with their
glances,
Her brow is serenity's seat ;
Her smile, like an angel's, my bosom entrances.
Ecstatic 's my love for dear Kate.

On her cheek, rosy tints with the lily seem blending.
Her teeth with the ivory could mate ;
Her voice, all the music of nature transcending,
Inspire me with love for dear Kate.

My soul's dearest charmer ! my senses she 'l! ravish,
Love's slave I am doomed from this date ;
Were the Indies my portion, their wealth I could lavish,
To win but the heart of dear Kate.

Ye powers who at will rend the mountains asunder,
Who wield the bright sceptre of fate,
Who bridle the storms and embattle the thunder,
O give me the heart of dear Kate.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

A health to thee Scotland, brave land of the mountain,
Of glen, rock and river, and wild dashing fountain,
Of hearts that ne'er yet to their foes cried a parley,
Of whiskey and brose, aye and bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal and bannocks o' barley,
Hurrah for auld Scotland and bannocks o' barley.

Langsyne when our hardy auld gutchers fair fa' them,
Cruntet croons o' the Romans, syne left them to claw
them,

What lent our sires pith, thus to yerk them saeairly,
'T was nought but the brose and the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks. &c.

Ye Southrons wha feed upon beef and plum-pudding,
Your shanks ne'er could equal the anes our sires stood on,
Wha kicket your doups frae our heath hills sae rarely,
Success then to Scotland and bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks, &c.

Then hey for auld Scotland, and hey for her whisky,
And hey for her sons ever jovial and frisky,
And hey for the braid swords that gleamed for Prince
Charlie,
And hey for the brose and the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks, &c.

P E G G Y.

TUNE—“*Dainty Davie*.”

Whar Cartha’s bonny crystal tide
Roars o'er yon crags wi' foaming pride,
A lassie lives, ah! wae betide

The wretch wad wrang my Peggy.

Bonny Peggy, sweet and fair,
Winsome Peggy, faithfu' Peggy;
'Neath the sky I hae nae care
But honest-hearted Peggy.

Sae rare her form, sae sweet her face,
Her ringlets that a queen might grace,
Ding wooers gite in ilka place,

O leeze me on my Peggy.

Bonny Peggy, &c.

Her witching e'ea gie siccan stouns
That lads come thick frae neighbouring touns,
And crack wi' spite ilk ither's crouns,
For seeking love frae Peggy.

Bonny Peggy, &c.

Though titled knaves live bein and braw,
And o'er their lands and siller blaw,
I hae a treasure worth them a',
The guileless heart o' Peggy.

Bonny Peggy, &c.

Awa wi' a' sic wealth and style,
 Upheld by hungry poortiths' toil,
 A cog o' brose and ae sweet smile,
 Are worth them a' wi' Peggy.

Bonny Peggy, sweet and fair,
 Winsome Peggy, faithfu' Peggy ;
 'Neath the sky I hae nae care
 But honest-hearted Peggy.

BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY,

JANUARY 25, 1864.

TUNE—"The Black Watch."

The Sangs o' Burns, the Sangs o' Burns.
 Oh ! wha but lo'es those strains, man,
 That melt and fire the soul by turns,
 And swell the heart and veins, man.
 A magic skill that rules the will,
 Pervades their ilka line, man ;
 A nameless charm that nerves the arm,
 Or melts at "Auld-lang-syne," man.
 Sae tak' your stan' wi' glass in han'
 To pay the tribute due, man ;
 A thrilling cheer for ane sae dear
 As Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman.

Though churlish louts his country scouts,
 To leer its barefoot lasses,
 E'en let them spit their cankert wit,
 They prove themselves but asses.

The witching wiles and sunny smiles,
And roguish e'en sae blue, man,
That cheer the hames o' Scotland's dames,
Enrapt our manly Ploughman.
Then tak' you stan', &c.

What streams of fire flow from his lyre
When Wallace wight 's his theme, man,
O' Bannock's banks, where Bruce's ranks
Sealed dear auld Scotland's fame, man.
There Saxon loons gat cracket croons,
Whilk served them lang to claw at,
While Scotland sang till echo rang,
"A man 's a man for a' that."
Sae tak' your stan', &c.

"The lingering star" that shines afar
In yonder vault sae blue, man,
Shall record bear through ilka year
Of ane whose heart was true, man.
A rapt'rous flame pervades the frame,
And sparkles in the e'en man,
Whene'er he strings his harp, and sings
Of Mary, or his Jean, man.
Sae tak' your stan', &c.

The sordid sumph may growl and glumph,
We carena that a flee, man,
We're kin'ly met and firmly set
To ettle Robin's glee, man.
Let Willie brew the mountain dew,
Let Rab and Allan pree, man,

For ere we gae ilk chiel maun hae
 A drappie in his e'e, man.
 Sae tak' your stan' wi' glass in han'
 To pay the tribute due, man ;
 A rousin' cheer for ane sae dear
 As Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman.

JEEMS McFARLANE.

TUNE--“*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

Anither year maun come and gang,
 And haith I fear we'll think it lang
 Before we get anither sang
 Frae canty Jeems McFarlane.
 Fu' weel I wat he chaunts his strains
 In praise o' Scotia's curling stanes,
 The *hog-score, cock* and icy plains
 Are muse for Jeems McFarlane.

The Ayr and Nithsdale curling train
 Hae every reason to be vain,
 They've got a laureate o' their ain
 In canty Jeems McFarlane.
 The merits o' ilk “canny Scot”
 Wha forms the joyous curling knot,
 Are marked ; and sung ilk bonny shot,
 By canty Jeems McFarlane.

To see him standing at the *tee*
 Would fill the dullest gloit wi' glee,

Sic magic licht beams frae the e'e
O' canty Jeems McFarlane.
Or mark him racing roun' the rink,
While snoring stanes n' throu'ther clink.
Confound me, but ye'd really think
The deil's in Jeems McFarlane.

I've ken'd him noo some years sinsyne,
I've broke his bread and drank his wine,
Sae while I live I'll never tine
Gard for Jeems McFarlane.

Let purse-proud cynies cock their nose,
And girn alike at friens and foes,
Them and their dirt I'd rather lose
Than canty Jeems McFarlane.

I vow a better heart ne'er stoo'd
Upon a frozen crystal flood,
And nane has truer Scottish blood
Than canty Jeems McFarlane.
Although "nae poet in a sense,"
He has a due degree o' mense,
And wha can better reckon pence
Than canty Jeems McFarlane.

Noo Jamie lad, come gie's thy han,'
By a' that's guid, and great and gran,'
I hail thee as a gentleman,
Though only Jeems McFarlane.
May Killie ne'er be mair to blame—
Ne'er add mair censure to her name,
Than when she gave to honest fame
Her canty Jeems McFarlane.

SONG.

TUNE—"The rock and wee pickle tow."

The cauld Icy season has noo passed awa',
And Simmer comes dancing fu' cheery O;
The gowans blink sweetly whar deserts o' snaw
Lay through the lang winter sae dreary O.
The glad heart o' nature wi' rapture noo thuds;
The birdies are pouring their sangs frae the wuds;
The forests rejoice in their green spreading buds;
Sae I'll haud awa to my deary O.

The swallow ance mair frae his hidden retreat
Is skimming about our auld bigging O,
His neb fu' o' clay to provide his wee mate
Wi' a nest in the neuk o' its rigging O.
The wee fleecy lammies, like bairnies at play,
Are frisking about on the face of the brae,
While the farmer frae sunrise till close o' the day,
Is busily hoeing and digging O.

My Peggy's cot stands on the top o' a knowe,
And a kail-yaird slopes down richt behint it O;
A plot decks the front whar sweet-smelling flowers
grow,
And I'll warrant the bees never tint it O.
A wimplin bit burn bores its way through the swaird,
That serves for a drain to my Peggy's kail-yaird;
Her dad, in his life time, o't a' was the laird,
Forby o' King's coin quite a mint o't O.

But noo he is dead, and dear Meg lives alane,
 Wi' nae mate but the cow in the stable O,
 And a flock o' brow hens that are second to nane,
 Whilk provide aye enough for the table O :
 But ere the neist ouk if I don't prove a coof,
 I'll say to her, lass ! here's my heart and my loof,
 Accept them, dear Meg, as a true lover's proof,
 That he'll daunt and proteet while he's able O.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Written for and sung at the Annual Dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, Saint John, N. B., 1862.

TUNE—" *The Miller o' Dron.*"

Ye canty sons o' Caledon,
 I'm blythe to meet ye here,
 On this aboon ilk ither nicht
 That marks the rolling year.
 What though the gurly winter wins
 Hold forth in angry tones,
 We've something here to cheer our hearts,
 Sae, Donald wake thy drones,
 And fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in't while we may ;
 And as we tak' the tither sup,
 We'll toast Sanct Andrew's Day.

Sanct Andrew was a jolly Sanct,
 I've heard auld kimmers tell,

Wha lo'ed, in sanctly company,
 A quegh frae Donald's stell.
 And when beneath the social board
 His peers had stretched their bones,
 He o'er his shouther laid his pipes,
 And kittled up their drones.

Sae fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in 't while we may ;
 And as we tak' the tither sup,
 We'll toast Sanet Andrew's Day.

What though the wide Atlantic rows
 'Tween this and Scotia's shore,
 In fancy still we see the knowes
 We trod in youth and yore.
 That haggis, too, " warm, reekin', rich."
 'Neath whilk the table groans,
 Recalls fond mem'ries o' the past,
 And sae dae Donald's drones.

Sae fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in 't while we may ;
 And as we tak' the tither sup,
 We'll toast Sanet Andrew's Day.

That siller-mounted sneeshin' mull,
 And steaming toddy-bowl,
 Bring back the days when laird and serf
 Sat boozing cheek-by-jowl ;
 The kilted clansmen spring to life,
 And ilk his armour dons,
 On hearing these wild martial strains
 That come frae Donald's drones.

Sae fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in't while we may,
 And as we tak' the tither sup,
 We'll toast Sanct Andrew's Day.

The hoary and much honoured Chief.*
 Presiding o'er this dine,
 Recalls the Scottish gentleman
 Of ages past langsyne ;
 Lang may he toddle up and down,
 Relieving poortith's moans,
 A credit to the heathery land
 Where echo Donald's drones.

Sae fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in't while we may ;
 And as we tak' the tither sup,
 We'll toast Sanct Andrew's Day.

B E T S Y M I L L E R.

TUNE—"Donald Gunn."

In the east or in the west,
 Nane can match wi' Betsy Miller ;
 A' the powers o' Norland blast
 Canna haund a candle till her.

Betsy's tongue gangs like a bell,
 Free frae hanker, halt, or stammer,
 Constant yelpin' in a style
 Louder far than Vulcan's hammer ;

* L. Donaldson, Esq.

Louder than the sounding Linn ;
E'en Bars of Ayr are quite knocked under ;
Betsy, when ance fair begun,
Far exceeds their loudest thunder.

Corrievrekin cease your wrath ;
Roar nae mair ye foaming billows ;
Howling tempests are but sighs,
Matched wi' Betsy's dreadful bellows.
Lightnings that illume the sky,
When the elements are raging,
Can't match the glare o' Betsy's eye,
When a scolding war she's waging.

Hark ! what sound is that we hear
On the breeze of morning swelling ?
Echoing like the Falls of Fyer,
Tush, 't is only Betsy yelling.
Eagles on the rugged cliffs,
Awe struck, sit and listen till her ;
Nature canna match the voice
Of this vixen, Betsy Miller.

In the east or in the west,
Nane can match wi' Betsy Miller ;
A' the powers o' Norlan' blast
Canna haud a candle till her.

nder ;

SONG.

Noo Spring has returned wi' its buds and its blossoms,
And nature rejoicing receives her auld frien';
The woodlands re-echo the sang o' the blackbird,
And sweetly the gowans be-speckle the green.
But sadly I stray on thy banks, O ! sweet Cartha,
Nor tongue can describe half the anguish I feel;
For death, that stern reiver, has stown frae my bosom,
The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

Aft, aft on thy banks I hae roamed wi' dear Jeanie,
When nicht's sable shades shrouded mountain an' lea;
And thocht mysel' blessed while I ciaspèd her fondly,
And kissed her sweet lips 'neath yon auld hawthorn
tree.
She was young, she was bonny, true-hearted and winning;
Aye blithesome and artless, aye modest and leal;
Bnt death, that stern reiver, has stown frae my bosom,
The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

Bereft o' my Jeanie, nought earthly can cheer me,
In vain noo the laverock sweet carols on hee,
The violet and lily hae tint a' the beauty,
That wont in my youth-time to dazzle my e'e;
Noo heart worn and weary I stray by fair Cartha,
And sigh 'neath the hawthorn sae aften our beil;
For death, that stern reiver, has stown frae my bosom,
The bonny young lassie I liket sae weel.

THE LASSIE I KEN.

There's a bonny young lassie I ken.
Doun amang yon green knowes,
Where the wee burnie rows,
Stands the cot of the lassie I ken.

Her charms wha could paint with a pen ;
'Neath the sun's gowden ray
There's nae flower half so gay
As the bonny young lassie I ken.

The violet blooms sweet in its den ;
But sweet though it be,
It's no half sae to me
As the bonny young lassie I ken.

She staw my heart first in yon glen,
An' ever sinsyne
I've had nae peace o' min'
For the thoughts o' the lassie I ken.

Wi' her a blithe life I could spen',
For her e'e's a bricht blue,
And her heart's leal and true ;
She's an angel, the lassie I ken.

KENNEDY.

TUNE—“*Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.*”

Here, around this festive board,
Social joy the reigning lord,
Let us join in one accord,

To honour Kennedy;
Wha can sing a martial sang,
Swell its echoes loud and lang,
Filling halls wi’ warlike clang,
Nane compared wi’ he.

Hark! just noo his clarion tones
Fill the field wi’ dying groans,
Victory’s shouts and widows’ moans,

Well-a-day! quoth he.
List again his melting strains
Floating o’er the battle plains,
Reason reels, while passion reigns
In his melody.

“Bonny Jean” is left to wail
In this dreary, tearfu’ vale,
When the bard’s last accents fail,

As breathed by Kennedy.
Bruce revives in “Scot’s wha hae,”
Jack’s alive in “Biscay Bay,”
Thunders boom, and lightnings play,
In his minstrelsy.

" Hame came our guidman at e'en,"
 Links in mirth both foe and frien' ;
 " Athol's courtship" o' his Jean
 Wakes our sympathy ;
 Ilka " True born Englishman"
 Joins McGregor's outlawed clan,
 Heart to heart, and han' to han',
 At nod o' Kennedy.

How ilka joke and funny crack
 Brings " Langsyne" and its mem'ries back,
 When " Nannie that's awa," alack !
 Was joyfu', blithe and free ;
 Let ilka " Kiltie," lank and lean,
 English sodger, fat and bien,
 Sing wi' me, " God save the Queen,"
 Led on by Kennedy.

WATTY McFEE.

TUNE—“ *Gee wo Neddy.*”

Auld Watty McFee dwalt on Braxieham knowes,
 Whar he owned a snug cot-house, a park and some cows,
 A queer sort o' body, without wife or wean,
 For mony lang years he kept house there alone,
 But Watty McFee, man,
 Was whiles fu' o' glee, man,
 And then was the time ye could judge o' the man.

 Though Watty had siller he never was proud,
 Was to a' folks alike, as a man o' sense should,

The Peer was but Jamie, the Peasant was Jock,
And the beggar aye got a supply for his poek,

For Watty McFee, man,

Was aye frank and free, man.

As a' folks maun own that e'er met wi' the man,

But Mac was nae elder, though fond o' the Kirk,
And ready to join aye in charity's work,
Hypocrisy ne'er found a throne in his breast,
And as a' men hae faults, Mac had ane at the least;

For Watty McFee, man,

Whiles liket a spree, man,

And then ye wad thocht him a different man.

In the clachan hard by lived auld Browster wife Nelly,
Whose ae e'e was blin' and the ither was skelly,
A guid crumpie cake aye cam in wi' her yell,
And there for hale days Mae sat boosin' his fill,

Gie Watty McFee, man,

A spark in his e'e, man,

And then to get up he's the very last man,

His arm-chair was set by the side o' Nell's ingle.
Whar eouthily roun' him his cronies did mingle,
A *coul* on his head, and his *specs* on his nose,
There Patron and Protege sat quite jocose,

For Watty McFee, man,

Was fond o' the bree, man,

And sae were the loons that encircled him roun'

Auld Watty was prosy when telling a tale,
But he aye gat guid listeners for plenty o' ale,

Wha heard a' his stories, wi' reverence, nae doubt,
And praised a' his jokes while the licker held out,
 For Watty McFee, man,
 When ance on the spree, man,
Wad pay for a' roun' him, the foolish auld man.

Ae blink he wad tell o' the wars o' langsyne :
Next, the best mode o' feeding kye, poultry and swine ;
Then, sage like, o' Kirk and o' State he wad cracket,
Syne, like the auld miller, sing "Tak it man, tak it,"
 Then Watty McFee, man,
 Wad wink his ae e'e, man,
And thump on the table just like a crazed man.

The yill aye cam in amidst revel and shout,
To replenish the *caps* that went circling about,
Auld Mae held the *stoup*, and kept *cappin' off clean*,
Aye sure to get drunk as a piper at e'en ;
 Then Watty McFee, man,
 Searee able to see, man.
Was led to his hammoek, the silly auld man.

But waesoek ! ae nicht there arose a fell kick-up,
For Watty was seized wi' a terrible hiccup,
Nae auld wife nor doctor could cure it ava,
Sae in less than three days Watty slippet awa',
 Poor Watty McFee, man,
 Death ended his spree, man,
And sent to the mools what was ance a blithe man.

SONG.

TUNE—“*My Nannie O.*”

There's cauld kail at hame for me,

And bannocks baked wi' barley O ;
Forby a tift to clear my e'e,

That's guid when ta'en but sparely O.
My wife noo kens my way sae weel,
And how to guide the siller O ;
That a' my care when out afiel,
Is how to bring it till her O.

Some wives maun hae their tea and cakes,
And ither useless trashtrie O,
Like jams and marm'lades to their bakes,
That's nought but downricht wastrie O.
But mine is no sae ill to please,
Nor my wee bairnies either O ;
For crumpie cakes and dauds o' cheese,
They a' dance roun' their faither O.

Their mither keeps them tosh and clean.
Though often in the gutter O ;
And when the Sabbath day comes roun',
They a' get brose and butter O.
She clouts my claes and cleans my shoon ;
When sick she gies me toddy O :
What I gie her, ne'er fash your thoom.
For she's a worthy body O.

*

A TEETOTALLER'S SANG.

TUNE—"Bannocks o' Barley Meal."

The poets langsyne, in the height o' their folly,
Gaed gyte wi' their praises o' Barleycorn's fame,
Their patron was Bacchus, the god o' the jolly,
 Their password a headache, and worm-eaten wame.
But noo, common sense has turned things topsy-turvy,
 The cauld water cure's drawn the bluid frae our e'en,
Our noses hae thrown aff the sign o' the scury,
 And mornin-clear heads are quite common I ween.

Sae down wi' the bicker, and down wi' the bottle,
 John Barley, we bid thee a lang, lang fareweel;
Ower lang ye hae scalded the heart and the throttle,
 But noo we will grind thee to barley-meal.

Ower lang, guidness kens, we hae borne thy misdoings
 Without takin' tent what the upshot would be,
Noo clearly we see a' the dools and the ruins,
 That come in the wake o' a friendship for thee;
Sae pick up thy traps and pack aff to the deevil,
 Nor show thy nose mair amang douce, honest men,
Our auld mither earth is now deluged with evil,
 That springs frae thy gill stoup, and big tappet hen.

Sae down wi' the bicker, and down wi' the bottle,
 John Barley we bid thee a lang, lang fareweel,
Ower lang ye hae scalded the heart and the throttle,
 But noo we will grind thee to barley-meal.

Our wives, heaven bless them, noo cheerfu' and voggy,
 Blink on their guidmen with true love-speaking e'en ;
 Our bairns are weel clad, and hae routh in their eggys,
 And a' things about us are blithesome and bien ;
 We fear nae the cauld, for there's life in the ingle ;
 We fear nae the weet, for we've big coats and shoon ;
 We fear nae starvation, for bawbus noo jingle,
 In fabs erst kept empty by thee, thou auld loon
 Sae down wi' the bicker, and down wi' the bottle,
 John Barley we bid thee a lang, lang fareweel,
 Ower lang ye hae sealed the heart and the throttle,
 But noo we will grind thee to barley-meal.

SONG.

Noo three short years hae blithely passed
 Since Meg and I were ane,
 An' still I bless the guid auld priest
 That bound us by love's chain.
 For she's aye, aye pleasing,
 An' she's aye pleasing me,
 She's aye, aye pleasing,
 An' we seldom disagree.
 Her silken hair, her bonny brow,
 Her witching dark blue e'e,
 Her ruddy cheeks an' tempting mou',
 Are heaven on earth to me.
 For she's aye. &c.

We hae a bairn a towmont auld.
 As sweet and fair's could be,
 Wha'll help us through life's afternoon,
 If half as good as she.
 For she's aye, &c.

There's witchery in my Maggy's gait.
 She's guileless, blithe an' free,
 E'en when she flytes, the very soun'
 Is pleasing unto me.
 For she's aye, &c.

Of a' the women e'er I saw
 O' heigh or laigh degree,
 Aboon them a' Meg bears the bell,
 At least she does ower me.
 For she's aye, &c.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1867.

TUNE- "Whistle o'er the lave o't."

O! could I fledge my Muse's wing,
 To soar aboon this earthly ring,
 'Midst fields of ether would I sing
 O' Scotia's matchless Robin ;
 For though he was o' low degree,
 He had a muckle share o' glee,
 And when a drap was in his e'e,
 Wha then could match wi' Robin ?

When'er he touched his rustic lyre,
Auld Scotland's heart bleezed like a fire,
Her wives and weans, the son, the sire,
 Alike were fond o' Robin.
And O ! sae weel's he lo'ed a crack,
About the times a lang while back,
When Scotland sighed, and Wallace spak'
 To honest men like Robin.

And wha e'er lo'ed his land sae weel,
'Mang folks at hame, or yet afiel,
As this same honest ploughman chiel,
 That's kent as Scotland's Robin ?
He lo'ed her hills, he lo'ed her dales,
Her wild cascades and flowery vales,
And wished her foes a towmouts ails
 In toothache form did Robin.

The ill-hair'd loon wha'd jar his fame,
Or breathe a stigma on his name,
May ill-brewed drink distress his wame,
 Till anee he prays for Robin.
A better man ne'er held a plough,
Nor aye mair bauld, 'tween me and you—
The very clergy had to bow,
 And yield some points to Robin !

Sour bigotry condemned the chiel,
Because he lo'ed us a' sae weel,
E'en for the very "hornie Deil"
 A kindly wish had Robin ;

And if he's gane, as some would say,
 Alang the braid and dangerous way,
 I fear, I fear, that mony mae.

Gaed aff alang wi' Robin.

Noo here, my friens, I'll drap my sang,
 But ere we rise awa to gang,
 Let's gie a cheer baith loud and lang,

For Scotland's peerless Robin;
 And while we cheer, if ane be mute,
 Deil twist his ill-faur'd cankry snout,
 'Till anee he's fain to bellow out,

"Hip, hip, hurrah" for Robin.

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME.

Welcome loved Prince of our own native Albion,
 Welcome this day to Columbia's land;

Welcome loved chief of the hearts of old Caledon,
 Lord of green Erin and India's strand;

Sprung from a noble stem,

Proud be thy diadem;

Bright be thy future on land and on sea;

Long may thy mandates roll

Proudly from pole to pole,

Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free,

What though when afar on the dark heaving ocean,
 The red bolts of heaven around thee did play;

Forget now thy perils, a nation's devotion

Here greets thee in safety, and honours thy sway!

Hark ! how the pibroch's yell
Blends with the bugle's swell ;
Thousands of hearts beat this morning for thee ;
Joyous the welkin rings
Heavenly weleomings,
Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free.

Welcome loved type of the power, who defying
The might of all tyrants, has shielded the slave ;
Stern bulwark of freedom, when Europe was sighing,
And ir'n-shod oppression dug liberty's grave !
Long may our Albert's name
Blazon the page of fame,
Crowned by fair virtue's wreath, blessed may he be ;
Hail to thee ! Hail to thee !
Gem of earth's majesty,
Lord of the mighty, the brave and the free.

THE PRINCE HAS COME.

TUNE—"Johnnie Cope."

New Brunswick's sons now wake your glee,
And rend the sky with three times three,
Since Royal Albert's crossed the sea
To meet us a' this morning.
Sae to the dogs a' care we'll fling,
And make the hills and forests ring
A welcome to our future King,
Auld Britain's Prince, this morning.

Hey Donald get your tartans on,
And wake ance mair the bagpipe's drone,
Till echo skirls throughout Saint John
 The joyfu' news this morning.
And seek your posts Saint Andrew's sons,
With pouther bags and rifle guns,
Foul fa' the traitor loon wha shuns
 To greet his Prince this morning.

The time has been in former years,
When his heroic, stern forebears
Could stake their lives on Scottish spears,
 And so may he this morning.
Bluff Johnnie Bull has ta'en the fiel',
Well stuffed with ale and beef and veal,
And swears he'll fight be't Frank or Deil,
 To please his Prince this morning.

And bold Saint Patrick's noble boys
Are wrapt in loyalty and noise,
O'erwhelmed with patriotic joys
 At seeing him this morning.
So let us form one social band,
And join in friendship heart and hand,
To welcome to Columbia's strand
 Our gallant Prince this morning.

And should an hour of danger come,
Baith John and Pat will sound the drum,
And Donald gar his bagpipes bum
 To back him night or morning.

Now wave your banners aye and a',
 See, there he comes with martial raw,
 Screw up the pipes, hurrah ! hurrah !
 Our Prince has come this morning.

HUE AND CRY FOR SANDIE McLACHLAN,
 THE CANADIAN POET.

Ken ye aught o' Sandie Mac ?

Igo and ago ;
 Is he lying on his back ?
 Iram coram dago.

If he 's sick, or if he 's weel,

Igo and ago ;
 Just let me ken my canty chiel ;
 Iram coram dago.

Is he still in Erin's town ?

Igo and ago ;
 Or in the cluds wi' "Granny Brown ?"
 Iram coram dago.

Is he painting joys and woes ?

Igo and ago ;
 Singin' rhymes or scribblin' prose ?
 Iram coram dago.

Is he lect'ring, is he drinking ?

Igo and ago ;
 Or at his desk profoundly winking ?
 Iram coram dago.

Is he by the "Great Old Sea?"

Igo and ago;

Or tracing "Nature's Mystery?"

Iram coram dago.

Is he singing "Charloch Ban?"

Igo and ago;

Or telling who's "The Gentleman?"

Iram coram dago.

Has he with auld "Skinflint" gone?

Igo and ago;

Or to the kirk wi' "Elder John?"

Iram coram dago.

If he's wooing "Mary White."

Igo and ago;

Why the devil don't he write?

Iram coram dago.

If he's "Leaning on Another,"

Igo and ago;

I'll forgi'e my rhyming brother,

Iram coram dago.

But if hale and weel and kickin',

Igo and ago;

Pluck his beard like ony chicken,

Iram coram dago.

If he writes baith *soon* and *civil*,

Igo and ago;

Guidness shield him frae the devil,

Iram coram dago.

SONG FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1866.

TUNE—“*The Black Watch.*”

Twa years but ane, hae come and gane
Since last we met, I trow, man.
To drink a cup and keep it up
In honour o’ our Ploughman.
Sae fill your glass and mak’ it pass,
And send the joke aroun’, man,
On sic a night gie care a fricht.
And a’ your sorrows drown, man.

Noo curl your lip and tak’ a sip.
But don’t get roarin’ fu’, man,
Or faith ye ’ll shame the honest fame
Of Burns, the Ayrshire Ploughman.

Wi’ crack and sang, we’ll no think lang.
Though chanticleer should craw, man,
And morning’s glow liicht height and howe
Before we gang awa, man;
Let Boreas rave o’er land and wave.
He canna hurt us here, man,
Where national love like Noah’s dove,
Brings olive leaves to cheer, man.

Noo curl your lip and tak’ a sip.
But don’t get roarin’ fu’ man,
Or faith ye ’ll shame the honest fame.
Of Burns the Ayrshire Ploughman.

A social nicht, when bowls row richt,
Wad gladden ony heart, man.
It keeps us het, the time we're met,
And maks us sweer to part, man.
Auld Winter shakes his snawy flakes,
And hides the earth frae view, man,
But a' his nicht can never fricht
The likes o' me or you, man.

Noo curl your lip and tak' a sip,
But don't get roarin' fu', man,
Or faith ye'll shame the honest fame
Of Burns the Ayrshire Ploughman.

Come, gie's your loof as pledge and proof
That wrath can find nae hame, man,
'Mang sic a set as here hae met
To honour Robin's name man,
Quick, steer the bowl, it beets the soul
And maks us brisk and gay, man,
And hear my toast—"the loved, the lost,
And Robin's sangs for aye, man."

Noo curl your lip and tak' a sip,
But don't get roarin' fu', man,
Or faith ye'll shame the honest fame
Of Burns the Ayrshire Ploughman.

A NEW SANG.

TUNE—“*We'll gang nae mair a Rovin'.*”

Sung at a meeting of Albion Division S. of T., St. John, N. B.

Ye gallant Sons of Albion,
When first ye met up here,
To pledge your might against the power
Of whiskey, gin and beer;
Ye little thocht sae short a time
Would serve to swell your ranks;
And for this muckle guid, we owe
Our worthy Sherra thanks.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling.
Nae tippling noo ava,
We'll hae nae mair o' tippling,
For that nicht ruin a'.
We'll hae nae mair o' tippling.

There's Jamie Tamson in the neuk,
And here's wee Smiler, too,
Wha weel deserve a wreath o' fame,
Twined round their ilka brow;
They focht the fecht, which time will show.
Revived us a' to life,
And in the future will prove true
To man, to bairn, and wife.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling, &c.

Aroun' the room I cast my o'en,
 And see some like mysel';
 Wha erst could turn their finger up,
 And hiccup just as well;
 But noo they're a' sae clean and braw.
 Ye'd think that barley-bree
 Ne'er crossed their craigs, nor ever east
 Its glaumery o'er their e'e.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling, &c.

O Johnnie Maut! O Johnnie Maut!
 What pliskies ye hae played;
 How mony hearts ye've wrung wi' grief,
 In man and wife and maid;
 Ye little ken what ills ye've done,
 Or, surely John, I think,
 Ye'd turn your hands to ither wark
 Than makin' sic like drink.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling, &c.

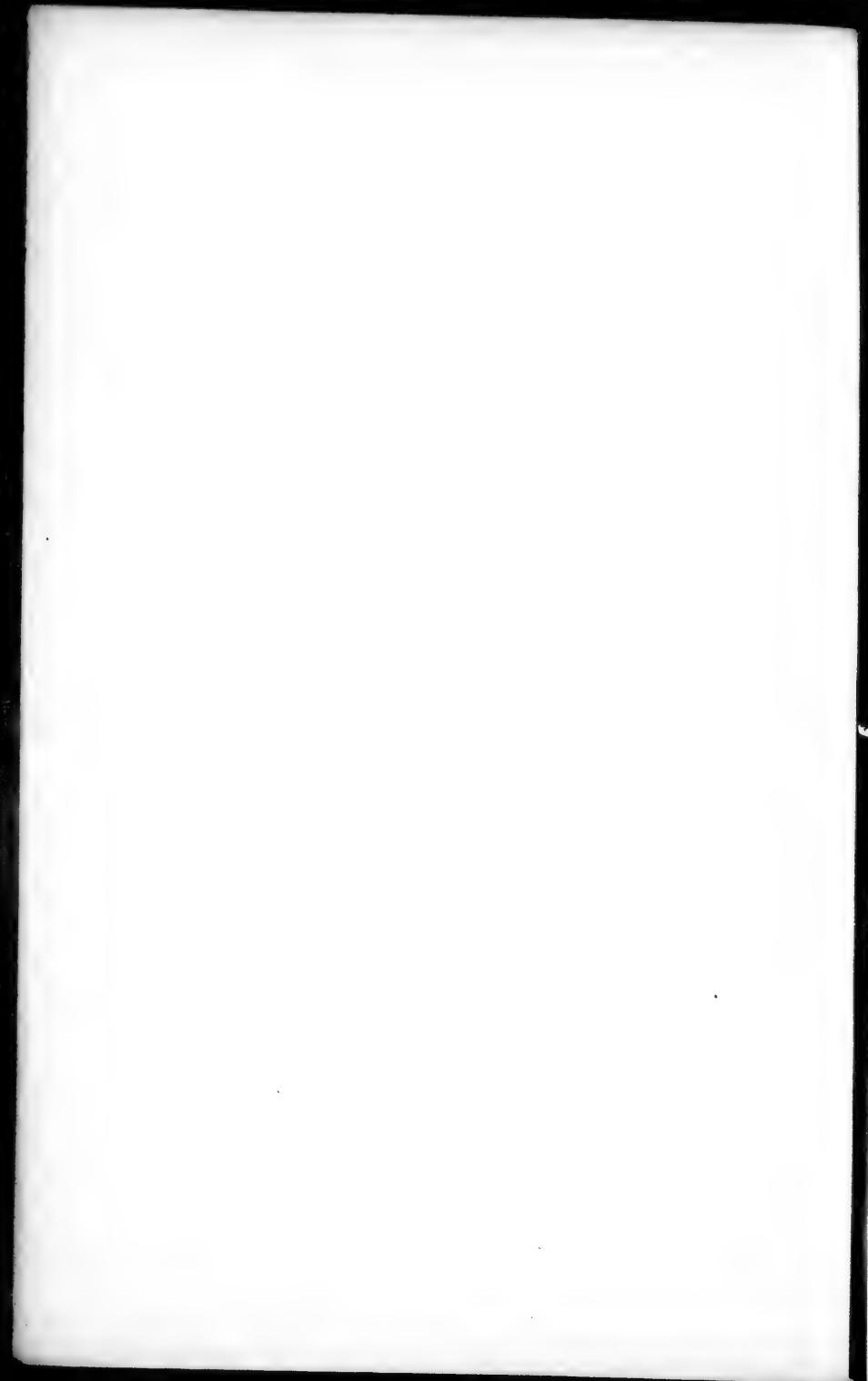
Some spirits serve a usefu' turn
 By taking stains out clraith;
 Some serve to boil the chemist's mugs,
 And some are guid for baith;
 But yours, yes John, I'm speaking truth,
 Fill a' the land wi' woe;
 They mak' men demons here on earth,
 And something waur below.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling, &c.

But hear me, lad, just daur this nicht
To show thy ugly snout
Within that door, and by my faith
We'll teach you "face about;"
The spell is broke, sae tak' ye tent.
If we and you should meet,
You'll find it safest aye to keep
Your ain side o' the street.

Sae we'll gang nae mair a tippling, &c.

THE END.



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